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## STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate."  
ST PAUL.

### GOING TO SERVICE.

"THERE'S many have done it before; and let people say what they like, and however disagreeable it may be, it's no disgrace," said Mrs Mulvany, the shopkeeper's wife in the little town of Ballycastle, or, according to its original designation, Ballycushlawn. "It's no disgrace, Mary Cassidy, and so don't cry, dear; if you are not comfortable after a while, you can come to me. Remember there's 'a time for every thing, and every thing in time;' 'a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;' 'dust the corners,' as my poor mistress used to say (she was English, as well as myself, Mary), 'dust the corners, and the middle will dust itself;' 'never leave till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day;' 'a stitch in time saves nine;' 'keep on doing, and you will soon be done;' 'keep a civil tongue in your head, and your head will keep you;' always remember 'time and tide wait for no man.' Why, Mary, girl! if my husband, Terence Mulvany, had minded my advice, where he has single pounds now, he'd have had dozens in his purse; but he's an Irishman, Mary, and they're very affectionate in their way, yet very, very thoughtless. But for all that," added the good woman, leaning her large red arms on a counter that was as clean as hard rubbing could make it, "for all that, I would not exchange my Terence for any other husband, no matter what his country."

Mrs Mulvany was a bustling, industrious woman. Many people are bustling who are not industrious, but she was both; and she was kind-hearted withal, though her kindness did not take the form it usually takes in Ireland. Her hospitality was not reckless; she would place enough before her husband's guests, but not a great deal too much. Provisions are cheap in her neighbourhood, but she did not conceive that their being so, justified her in any species of extravagance; she considered their abundance an especial blessing, not to be wasted. She did not think that prevailing on persons to eat or drink more than they liked, more than did them good, was a proof of either kindness or generosity; she loved her husband dearly; she worked with him, thought for him, saved for him; but she also remonstrated with him, when, instead of minding his business, he would borrow a pointer, and use, or endeavour to use, the old gun as a fowling-piece. She steadily refused her sanction to card-playing in all its branches, as being an unchristian and unthrifty amusement; and when, having taken a "stiff tumbler" of punch, Terence would express his desire to have another, or, if not another, half a one, or "only a little drop of spirits in the cold wather, *just to kill the insects*," Mrs Mulvany would lay firm, if not violent hands on the ugly green bottle, put it into the cupboard, lock it up, and consign the key to her capacious pocket: this was when there was nobody by. She had good sense enough, if Terence filled his glass too often when a neighbour dropped in, to hold her tongue *until* he was gone; or, if Terence had really taken too much, to keep it quiet till the next morning; then, indeed, her husband received a lecture, long or short, mild or strong, according to circumstances.

Men generally listen to reason when suffering from a bad headache produced by indiscretion, and Terence knew his wife was right; besides, her entire conduct in her own homely way convinced him that his interests were hers, and that the desire of her life was to see him well and happy. To be sure, she wanted him to be happy in her way rather than his own, and was not as yielding, not as subservient, as Irish wives generally are; consequently, the young idling men, who would have enjoyed their hot punch and feasting at Terence Mulvany's expense, but for his wife's care-

fulness, were apt to say, "that she kept his nose to the grinding-stone." Nevertheless, the worthy shopkeeper grew fat, looked happy, and prospered.

And what has all this to do with "going to service" you inquire. I will tell you. Mary Cassidy, the pretty interesting-looking girl who stood in Mrs Mulvany's shop, had in a great degree been brought up under her eye, and improved by her counsel. She had within the previous six months lost her uncle, or rather her mother's uncle (for poor Mary was an orphan), an amiable-hearted, gentle-minded old man, a friar, who had been educated in France, and who was both polished and tolerant. Mary was only sixteen, and her great-uncle's death had deprived her of bread; indeed, during the last four years of his life his mind had faltered, and to the kindness of his neighbours he was principally indebted for the few comforts he required. Mrs Mulvany had, as she declared, loved the girl "as if she were her own;" but, contrary to the usual Irish practice, she had sent those of her own children whose assistance was not required in the shop, to service long before. They had gone cheerfully, because they had been brought up with that intention; their mother's well-known diligence and industry had secured them good situations in the best families, and it was not in Mrs Mulvany's bustling nature to understand the nature of poor Mary's feelings. Mary had occupied a dangerous position; she was above the lower class, and greatly below the higher; the poor called her "Miss," the shopkeepers "Mary." She had received a little education; enough to begin upon, and enough to make her desire more, but not enough to raise her above the rank of an ordinary English servant. This she hardly believed could be the case, though Mrs Mulvany had told her so. She had no near relation in the world; but the Irish world is not a cold one. All who knew sympathised with her, except Mrs Mulvany, who declared she was in luck to get what was as good as an English place, to go where she'd have fresh meat once a-day, regular meals, a good bed, and a mistress who "would have her work done properly."

Mary Cassidy silently agreed with every word uttered by her active and disinterested friend; she then as silently stole into the parlour behind the shop, and from that into the little garden, where she shed many bitter tears at the prospect of "going into service." Mrs Mulvany supplied her with all she deemed necessary for English servitude; and as she was going as house-maid, under the lady's maid, there was every reason to suppose she would learn well and quickly. She was, however, to spend a few days after she left Ballycushlawn at the house of a country gentleman, a sort of person midway between a farmer and a squire; a very dangerous position for any one to occupy. The gentleman's wife was a distant relative of poor Mary's, and as in Ireland "poverty" does not often "part good company," she was not ashamed of her fourth cousin, though she was foolish enough to lament her going to service. Here it was Mary's fate to witness the reverse of all the maxims inculcated by Mrs Mulvany's kind advice. There was no settled time for any one duty; every thing was conducted by the rule of "hurry scurry;" consequently, when night came, at least half the work was laid to the account of the following day, which thus became overburdened. The kitchen was a scene of most desperate confusion; instead of the noggins and jugs being hung in regular lines along the dresser, they were laid down when done with on the floor, "that the cat, the craythur, might finish the sup of milk," or "the chickens pick the last of the stirabout," or "Rover, the baste, lick the end of it." There they remained until they were wanted, when all was perplexity to get them ready. The dust was never disturbed from the corners of their parlour, or from behind the tables and chairs; consequently every breath of air that entered the room, set it whirling over "the

greenest spot" that had received the promise of a sweeping.

Mary discovered in the morning, while commencing her breakfast, that the milk had never been properly strained before it was set for cream to make butter; consequently the cow hairs stuck round that compound, like a cheveu-de-frise. Mary could not eat.

"Indeed, and it is very troublesome they are," said the lady, picking out the offenders one by one, and laying them on the breakfast cloth, which bore tokens of being "used to it." "It's mighty troublesome they are; and while I think of it, I'll just speak about it to Nelly. Ring the bell, Mary."

Mary tried; the bell was mute.

"Well, call, then, dear; tongues were made before bells; but, any way, if Jerry had strengthened the crank when I told him, with a bit of wire, we needn't be made hoarse with calling, or lame with tramping after those blind and stupid servants; now, we must have the bell-hanger, I suppose, *when we can get him*."

"A stitch in time saves nine," thought Mary Cassidy, as Nelly entered.

"Nelly, the hairs prevent our eating the butter," said "the mistress," with the greatest composure.

"Bad luck and bad manners to 'em for that same," replied Nelly, leaning her shoulder against the door post, and running her finger backwards and forwards across the back of the nearest chair, so as to form a meandering figure in the dust.

"Nelly, it's your fault."

"Bedad! I'm as clear from it as if I had just risen from the priest's knee, God bless him! My *faut*, agra! Bedad! mistress, it's the *faut* of the strainer, that's gone into *smithereens* ever since yerself, ma'am, took it to bate paes in."

"Devil take the peas!" chimed in the husband. "Sure milk-vessels should be kept to themselves; I had the taste of split peas off the butter for a month."

"Ay!" said Nelly, making a very long slide with her finger in the dust; "ay, and last market-day, Pether, Sandy Pether, the *gra-boy*, lost the sale of the butter through one of Andy Muckle's jokes—may the devil choke him wid the next, I pray! He said it was cows' hairs he was bringing to market instead of cows' butter."

"Still, Nelly, that is your fault," said her mistress, in a more angry tone.

"See that now! Bedad! ma'am, I thought *ye'd say so*! Sure ye could not expect me to hinder the strainer of wearing, and the paes, and"—

"Don't dare to talk to me of the peas," exclaimed the good woman, angry that her fault should be exposed; "could you not have mended the strainer?"

"It's a-past mendin' now."

"But at first?"

"Oh! at *first*! Sure it was only a *dawsky* hole at *first*; and Miss Nancy used to take the world's delight in seeing the *killin* put her paw through it. The hole did no *harrum* at the *first* going off, as we used to lift the strainer on one side."

"If Mrs Mulvany heard this," thought Mary, "how she would storm!" and ventured immediately to suggest, that until a new strainer could be purchased, a piece of coarse linen should be sewn round the wood. She would do it with pleasure herself, "as it was a pity to lose the sale of the butter."

"Oh, very well," said Nelly, rather piqued than pleased; "miss might do it to be sure, if the mistress liked. The *butter* had the hairs in it many a day, and the mistress took it aisy enough; and as to the sale of the *butter*, the laugh was agin Pether in the market. But, to be sure, some people, especially those reared by half English, such as Mrs Mulvany, was mighty nice;" and Nelly flounced away, her mistress talking loudly of the "dirt of the servants," quite forgetting that she had set the example, if example was needed, of carelessness, by corrupting the milk-strainer by the impurity of other matter.

Dinner was ordered at four that day, and as poor Mary was wandering about, observing, without knowing it, how different every thing was from the thrift and care manifested in Mrs Mulvany's dwelling, two of the children came running to tell her that "Peenawn the piper was outside the back door, playing 'Rattle her down the Hill,' the hunter's jig, and that Nelly and Molly, and little Jemmy, was dancing a double jig." Mary thought it must be near the hour of dinner; as she passed the clock she looked up; it was not going (a sure sign of a mismanaged house); but in the kitchen, the ducks, suspended by a string of twisted worsted before a fire, roaring like a burning mountain, were at a dead stop, while a dog was licking round and round the edge of a huge cracked dish that did duty as a dripping-pan, as the cook (!) had not been able to find time "to rid" the baked potatoes out of the proper dripping-pan, though they had been nearly destroyed by the picking of chickens and the licking of animals, to whom the kitchen was free ground; and over this kitchen there was no presiding genius, as the cook had fled at the sound of the pipes to turn her foot in a jig, leaving the dinner to dress itself.

Mary drove away the dog, and turned the ducks, seeing there was no chance of the servants "keeping on doing and consequently being soon done," but the servants regarded her care with scorn, and held her labour in contempt. "Indeed, they war not going to lose their step of a dance for nothin'; the dinner would be time enough. *Master nor mistress was never ready to the minute; why should they bother then?*—it wasn't every day they heard the pipes."

If Mary had known enough to understand the full force of the observation, "master nor mistress was never ready at the minute," she would have understood how necessary the practice of punctuality is to enforce its observance. The slovenly habits of this house did Mary Cassidy infinite service, for she had a sufficient quantity of good taste to perceive they were such as to mar every thing like comfort and economy.

Five months elapsed after she went to Mrs Singleton's before she wrote the following letter to Mrs Mulvany:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND—for so you have ever proved yourself to be to a poor friendless girl—and you will therefore, I am sure, let me call you so—I am doing, thanks to your advice, very well indeed, and I may say, give great satisfaction; and if it wasn't for Mary Dacey, the lady's maid, I should be as happy as if I wasn't at service at all; every thing is regular as the clock, and my mistress so particular. 'You are a good girl,' says she to me one morning; 'Mary Cassidy, you are a very good girl, I have examined all the corners, and find them well dusted.' 'Ma'am,' says I, making a dutiful answer, 'Mrs Mulvany told me to sweep the corners, and the middle would sweep itself,' and that pleased her very much, and she said I was a nice clean girl. But what puts betwixt me and my rest entirely is Mary Dacey. Oh, Mrs Mulvany, if it wasn't for Mary Dacey, there wouldn't be a happier girl betwixt this and the Bay of Dublin than myself. Now, you see, the mistress asked me when I came if I had any followers, and I felt my cheeks burn up like a coal of fire, for you know I never encouraged but the one, and he went to sea before my poor uncle (the heavens be his bed!) died; but he did not go without *breaking the ring* which hangs about my neck at this minute, though, even if he is alive, maybe it's too proud he'd be to think of a poor servant, though he'd regard a priest's niece. However, I said, and trembling alive with the shame, 'None at this present time, ma'am,' for you told me to speak the truth.

'At this present time!' she repeated; 'then you hope to have?'

'If it's pleasing to God and yourself, ma'am,' I answered, *coarting*; 'for,' I added, 'I broke the ring with one that's beyond seas, and that, I'm afraid, will never trouble yer honour about me.'

Now, Mrs Mulvany, was there any thing to laugh at in that? Sure I was in fear, and am in fear, that I may never see him again! But the mistress laughed outright, and then said, 'Well, I am sure you have told the truth, and if you continue to do so, we shall have no reason to repent Mrs Mulvany's recommendation. But, Mary, the reason I asked was, that, if you had a lover, I would find out who and what he was, and, if he was steady and well conducted, never object to your seeing him occasionally in my house, though I do not permit young girls to meet young men out of my house. It is perfectly natural,' she said, 'that you and every other young woman in the land should wish to be settled; and as I hope to be not only a mistress but a friend to you, and to all who serve me, I wish to know whom you know, that I may be able to advise you for the best, and reward you for good conduct. Always tell me the truth, frankly and simply as you have done now, and I will always be your friend.'

I'm sure they talked of my *little token* in the parlour, for Miss Amette looked very shy out of her blue eyes at me the next morning, and asked me if I wore nothing about my neck but my 'hundercher'; but was not that very good entirely of the mistress? Now, I never was used to lying; but, look, after those words of hers, Mrs Mulvany, honey, I'd suffer myself to be cut into sparrows before I'd tell her a word of lies; and that's what's ruining me with Mary Dacey—the lies I mean. Oh, Mrs Mulvany, the contrivance of Mary goes beyond the beyonds—it's shocking, so it is. There's an old henwife in it—a little put-together of a woman; and she gave out that all the young pullets were cooing, and the old hens past laying, so there never was any fresh eggs for breakfast. Moreover, she let a goose-plucker into the gooseery at night, on condition that she was only to take half the feathers off the poor innocent birds. As it was done on the sly, even I did not know it, and the plucker was going on with the brutal work, until one old gander, who, I daresay, was up to the mid-chief went tang through the window, and never set foot on the ground until he flew right under the mistress's window, and then the scolding he made woke the dog, that woke the mistress, and she wakes the master, and rings the servants' bell. Up I bounced, and, to my astonishment, Mary was not

in her bed. I ran down to the mistress, and, 'Cassidy,' she says—the quality think a surname grander than a Christian one, I suppose—'Cassidy,' she says, 'there's a light in the gooseery; go and see what's the matter, and tell Dacey to come to me.'

Well, I went down, and the gander kept on roaring a thousand murders; and when I got out, there was the plucker and the hen-wife, one on a boss, the other on a *creepie*, plucking for the dear life at an old goose, and half the flock shivering in a corner, and Mary Dacey with a dirty pack of cards in her hand, that had been reading her fortune."

'Go back,' says the old goose-plucker, 'and say there was a cat or a weasel among the geese.'

'I'll tell no untruth,' I answered; 'and the master saw the light, besides the gander!'

'I wish the devil had him—and I'll give him something will make him stiffer in the wings soon,' says the hen-wife.

'Mistress asked for you,' I said, wondering at their craft, and addressing my words to Mary.

'Tell her I'm very bad entirely with the toothache,' she said, 'and that I can't get out of bed.'

'I tell you what,' I replied: 'you, Anty Mulowny, have no right to sell the birds' feathers *unknownst* to the mistress.'

'She won't sell them herself, so I do no harm,' she said.

'They are not yours,' says I.

'Prish to the skylarks, priest's niece,' she answers.

'Mary,' I said to the lady's maid, 'for the love of God, and the sake of your character, run in at once; I can tell no lie for you or any one else; I must say if I am asked, and tell the truth.'

'Oh dear, how mighty righteous we are of a sudden!' exclaimed Mary; 'but do go your own way; make tales and carry tales, and see what you'll get by it. I don't care.'

'Mary, remember what Don't Care came to,' I answered; 'and as to making tales, you know I never did that; but certainly I will not see my master and mistress plundered without informing them of it.'

'It does not take a penny out of their pocket,' said the plucker, while the old hen-woman shook her fist in my face, and the lady's maid dropped me a *sneer* of a curtesy.

Well, Mrs Mulvany, I don't know how it would have ended, had they not seen, from the light of a candle he carried, the master himself picking his steps through the sludge of the yard, on account of the drain of the duck-pond being going to be repaired; and the moment Mary Dacey saw the flare of the candle, she turned white as a silver penny.

'I'm done,' she says, 'I'm done for ever, if the master catches me here.' 'We're all done,' says the goose-plucker, shaking a whirl of feathers from her that looked like a snow-storm. 'We're all done!' And as she said the word, old Anty bundled herself into where a goose, poor thing, was sitting on her eggs, and like lightning she puts herself down on the eggs, and takes the goose in her lap, drawing her head down, for she is but a mite of a woman; the goose-plucker stood her ground, but Mary Dacey fell on her knees to me.

'Oh, Mary, *avoursen*,' she said, 'just stand here that I may creep down behind you, which will get the master to pass me over—do—now do. *For the sake of your uncle's soul*, don't tell on a poor motherless girl like myself; I'll burn the cards, and never do wrong again.' Well, Mrs Mulvany, I did let her do as she desired; and maybe when the master came in, wasn't he in a towering passion entirely; for being a gentleman mightily used to his own way, he didn't like being disturbed; and then every minute he opened his mouth to spake, the *fluff* of the down got into his throat, and then he was dancing mad entirely; and the goose herself, poor thing, got unaisy about her eggs, as good reason she had; and after turning the plucker out, and sin on her knees to his honour, 'Mary,' he says to me, 'that goose is distressed at something; I hope they haven't poisoned as well as pluck't them; and while he walked over to the far corner with the light to see what ailed the bird, Mary Dacey slipped out, and my heart grew lighter then, for I thought she'd mend for good.

And indeed I could not help laughing, for the master, angry as he was, did the same thing as he pulled Anty off the eggs; and when the poor goose found them broke, she got into her tantrums, and raised a regular rebellion among the other geese, so that old Jerry the gander, who had sold the *puart* on the goose-plucker, came tottering home; and the upshot of it all was, that, in spite of a thousand lies, and as many curses, old Anty was sent off the next morning, and two more, who certainly deserved it, with her; but they did not tell upon Mary Dacey, which at the time I thought very good of them entirely. But now this is my trouble.

I believe Mary's heart softened, but not only must the heart soften with sorrow, but *harden* against future sin; if it does not, the sorrow does no good. Well, Mary promised me if I did not let on, that she'd change, and give up the card-playing, which, as you told me, brings not only temptation with it, but a hard and heavy *curse* wherever it is encouraged; and she seemed mighty *study* and good entirely, until one morning I thought I saw the old goose-plucker in the far shrubbery, waiting under a tree. Now, my poor uncle used to say it was through such as her that servants so often got into trouble; for they marned through the country, sometimes pulling feathers, sometimes with a basket of hardware, or a pack of soft goods, tempting the foolish girls with finery unfit for them, and taking payment in meal or corn, or apples, or any thing the girls are tempted to take *unknownst* from their employer, or their parents: this is worst of all, and

\* The custom of plucking geese is carried to a shameful extent in Ireland; men, and we daresay to add, women, go about with huge bags to stuff the feathers in, and very generally twopenny or threepenny each to the farmers and cotters' wives for permission to strip the poor bird as close as they please.  
† Bold, give information.

she was so surely on the watch, that I watched her, and by'n by I saw Mary Dacey go to her and give her something *blue*, but what I can't say. Well, I met Mary at the turn, and she running home for the dear life. She grew red and pale when she saw me. 'Where have you been?' I says. 'Down the grove for a mouthful of fresh air,' she says. 'The air is fine and fresh here, Mary,' I says; 'glory be to God for it!' 'Maybe I had a bachelor to meet down there,' she says, laughing it off.

'May be, Mary,' said I, 'you went to meet the goose-plucker.'

Well, what staggered me, was, she swore such an oath she never set eyes on her since that night; and when I reproached her with her wickedness, and said I *knew* she was there, she turned on me with the greatest abuse, called me a spy, and said I might be an informer if I liked; that, if she did not see the goose-plucker whenever she sent for her, she would tell the mistress, by a synonymous letter, all I had to do with them before.

Oh! Mrs Mulvany, what am I to do?—the woman is often about the house, and neither master nor mistress knows it. Mary meets her, I know she does, constantly, and master said the first person who encouraged her about the house, should lose their place; and what he says, he'll do. I know she's after no good, and I tell the cook so, and she says the same; but she says also, it's not your business, nor mine; and if ye tell on Mary, she's an *orphan*, and can have no character if she's turned away for comradng with that old fortune-telling woman, that's the curse of the neighbourhood." [The letter continued to repeat her anxiety as to what she ought to do, and her fears as to whether or not Mary took any thing of value, and her dread of making enemies, and all the various fears and feelings which a well-meaning mind, that nevertheless wants strength, is likely to urge, both to itself and others, as an excuse for not doing at once what it is a duty to do.]

When Mrs Mulvany read the letter, she first of all called to her youngest daughter to be ready to take charge of the shop, as she was going from home for maybe a couple of days. She then asked her husband if she might have "the sorrel swinger," as demurely as if she wished him to believe that he really had some command over his stable. And then she ordered "Jem" to saddle the horse, and put on the big pillion and his best "top coat," as she wanted him to look decent. After she had made these arrangements to her perfect satisfaction, she commenced dressing herself in her best, and commented aloud on the contents of the letter, as she did so, "That's the way the world gets worse instead of better, and good, honest, industrious servants suspected, because of the bad ones that have gone before them. It's all through the want of a proper feeling of the great principle of truth; that's what it is; confounding the character of an informer, who tells lies, and if he does tell truth, does it for a reward, with that of the *truth-teller*, who cherishes truth for the love of God, and whose duty it is to prevent evil. 'What is she to do?' Why, if Mary Dacey *won't* take her warnings, it is *her duty*, as a servant and a Christian, to tell her mistress. My poor child! she'll get into trouble, that she will! But I don't care a rush for the whole set of them! I'll just give my own Mary's letter into her mistress's hand, plain and above board.

'Anonymous letter!' he who writes an anonymous letter is a knave, he who *believes* it a fool. Oh! that servants should be so base as to see their employer robbed; and say, 'It is not their business,' as if it is not every body's business to prevent robbery, as if we should not speak truth! Oh! if plain-speaking was minded, how seldom we should meet rogues, for they would know that every honest eye was as a watch-tower over the inroads of roguery. To think now that she'd be led by the cook! But that's the way; if one servant does not exactly corrupt another, she saps the foundation of good principles. Mary Dacey, an orphan, indeed! Good reason she should be more careful, after all the warnings, too; and why should she *have* a character, if she does not deserve it? The idea of letting fraud be practised, because if it was known the person who cheats and robs will not have a character! the person, too, who gives bread, who spends money in his own country instead of going abroad. That little mix, my own Mary, she *ought* to have known better; but she is young, poor child! However, I'll set it all to rights; I don't care for any of them."

And having so decreed, she strapped on her riding skirt, put on a warm shawl, surmounted her handsome lace-cap by a black beaver hat, which boasted the ornament of a steel buckle; and after her husband had lifted her on the pillion, and the "sorrel swinger" was fairly off at his usual hard, high trot, Mr Mulvany was heard to declare that his wife "grew heavier and handsomer every day of her life."

She had not proceeded far, when she saw strolling towards her the goose-plucker, who was well known to every one in the country.

'Got any thing good and cheap?' she inquired, as the old rogue looked up at her with an expression of cunning and fear, for rogues had an instinctive dread of Mrs Mulvany.

'Oh! ma'am, there's no good in telling you; for you won't let a poor body come within a mile of ye, much less show ye any thing.'

'Well, I'm taking a turn, perhaps,' said the shopkeeper; 'so hand up yer basket, till I have a look.' There were threads and tapes, and ribbons and laces, and little looking-glasses that libelled the human face divine, and the usual assemblage of odds and ends; but Mrs Mulvany knew, from the weight of the basket, that it contained more than it appeared to do.

'How long is it,' inquired Mrs Mulvany, 'since you were at Castle Hazard?'—how long since ye saw my little pet, Mary Cassidy?

A change, too perceptible not to be at once noted by the quick-witted Mrs Mulvany, passed over the goose-plucker's face; and in a tone of mingled anxiety and anger she exclaimed, 'Farru wisha! ma'am, give me my basket; sure it's well enough I know ye didn't want to buy any thing.'

'Here's a remnant rolled up of blue satin,' persisted



her tormentor: "what will you take for that?—or where in the world did ye find such satin?"

"What's that to you?" she replied tartly; "give me back my goods, and don't be stopping a poor traveller on her way."

"I'm not stopping you," replied Mrs Mulvany, who remembered that Mary had said in her letter she thought what the lady's maid had given the goose-plucker was blue. This determined her on a singular course of proceeding.

"What's yer basket worth?"

"Myself can't tell."

"Did you give ten shillings for what's in it?"

"Where would a poor craythur like me get ten shillings?"

"There's ten-and-sixpence for it, then," said Mrs Mulvany, quickly, throwing her half a guinea. "There's ten-and-sixpence for it. Will that do? Go on, Jerry; ye heard her say it wasn't worth ten shillings."

The goose-plucker stood with staring eyes, looking after the rapidly trotting horse of Mrs Mulvany, while Jerry, delighted at his mother's frolic, turned round grinning most gloriously, and waving his *Clan Alpine* in adieu to the outwitted rogue. But suddenly gathering up her energies, the goose-plucker set off screaming after the horse and its riders, while Mrs Mulvany, having discovered that the basket had a false bottom, sat coolly examining its contents.

When she arrived at Castle Hazard, Mrs Mulvany had good reason to rejoice at her promptness. She found that Mary Dacey had got up a well-arranged plan to destroy Mary Cassidy's character. Several things had been misused by the lady of the house, and the charge of robbery laid both directly and indirectly upon the priest's niece. Mary Cassidy was in tears; but protesting innocence is not proving it.

Mary Dacey was wicked enough to say she'd take her oath that she saw the blue satin, which was one of the things her mistress missed, in Mary Cassidy's possession. It so happened that Mrs Mulvany arrived at the very moment the examination was going on in the parlour, and she said at once, "Mary, let your boxes be searched." This was done, while the poor girl protested her innocence, and saw, when it was too late, that *truth cannot be compromised with safety to our own honour*.

"Oh, Mary Dacey!" she exclaimed, "how could you treat me so, when you knew right well what I saved you from?"

This led to the inquiry, what she had saved her from? and then came a daring appeal from the young sinner. She turned to her master and asked him if it could have been possible that she was in the goose-house the night he entered without his seeing her?

This boldness in lying almost paralysed Mary Cassidy, and her master was compelled to confess he did not think it could.

"How often," continued the artful girl, "have I found money, madam, that you lost, and brought it to me!—this was not the act of a rogue, was it?"

Her mistress was obliged to admit the fact, and the feelings of their fellow servants not in the plot wavered from the priest's niece to the lady's maid.

Mrs Mulvany kept her purchase all this time concealed beneath the shadow of her riding-skirt; then suddenly producing it, she said, "Mary Dacey, do you know this basket?"

"It's mighty like—a—a—basket," she stammered.

"Whose basket?" inquired Mrs Mulvany, fixing her sharp keen eyes on her.

"Why, I don't know; sure I can't tell; how should I know?"

"Do you know this blue satin—this lace—this fine scent-box?" And she continued drawing forth a curious assemblage of things, pecuniations not only from Castle Hazard, but other houses. How frightful is vice at any age, but in the young it is awful.

"Well!" exclaimed the hardened girl, "now I do look at the basket, it is mighty like Nanny the goose-plucker's; the creature has been about the house, and ov course Mary turned the ready penny with her!"

Just as she had so said, Mrs Mulvany observed the goose-plucker advancing down the avenue at a much more rapid pace than she could have conceived possible, her blue cloak flying behind, and her progress marked by the escape of sundry feathers that floated away upon the breeze.

She observed that Mary Dacey changed colour, but Mary Cassidy wept as before.

"I have one favour to ask, madam," said Mary's friend, advancing to the lady who had been so wrought upon by this bad girl.

"Will you permit me, and me only, to have a word with that woman before she enters here?" and Mrs Mulvany pointed to the advancing enemy.

This request was granted. Mary Dacey at first entreated and expostulated, saying Mrs Mulvany and the goose-plucker would sell her *dearest* them, but in vain. And when the woman entered the room with Mrs Mulvany, the girl saw that the truth would be known, for the goose-plucker imagined it was known already. Still the love of lying, aided by the natural quickness of a clever but corrupt nature, swayed them both. The goose-plucker's evidence was most cautiously given; and it was marvellous how she acted upon the hint of Mary Dacey's eye.

"Why, not two minutes ago," said Mrs Mulvany, "you admitted that Mary Dacey gave you those things to purchase your silence, as you and the hen-wife determined to tell all you knew, and got her out of her place if she did not give you all she could."

"Ah!" said the old wretch, assuming the most simple expression of countenance, "you bothered me, so you did, betwixt the two Marys—it was Mary Cassidy I meant."

Mrs Mulvany looked—but no matter how she looked; the goose-plucker had confessed all to her, yet now seemed determined to turn that all to the ruin of an innocent girl.

"Here's a letter of Mary Dacey's, directed to Ben Tomlines, and that's her sweetheart, I know," exclaimed one of the children, who had been rummaging over the pedlar's basket with childish delight.

Then, indeed, the lady's maid saw her plot was discovered—then she knew all was over, for the letter, which the goose-plucker had engaged to convey to her lover (one of the worst fellows in Clonmel, and that is saying a great deal), exulted in very strange orthography over the success of her scheme to turn the priest's niece out of her place; it evinced how impossible it is for bad people to appropriate proper motives to the most virtuous actions, for it contained these remarkable words—"She has not done me any harm yet, but I'm sure she will, for she has the power." The ingratitude of this wicked girl speaks for itself; but I hope it is unnecessary to make any observation on Mary Cassidy's culpable weakness, which brought all this trouble upon her. When she saw that her fellow servant persisted in a course which was decidedly at variance with her employers' interests—a course which she had *moral proof* was dishonest—she should have said so. She should have told her mistress; and any servant who does not, becomes the accomplice of thieves.

Mrs Mulvany remained all that evening at Castle Hazard, and Mary, after seeing the folly of her ways, was reinstated in her mistress's favour, while those who deserved it, lost both place and character.

"I have heard," said the poor girl, before bidding her friend good night, "I have heard—from—you know who. In the midst of my trouble the letter came; he knows all; and what do you think he says? That he's got promoted, and is in the rank of a gentleman. A gentleman at sea!—and when I came to that, my heart sank. But a little farther on—here—you can read it yourself. He says that he will be home, and we shall be m— There, dear Mrs Mulvany, you can read the word, and he does not think the worse of me for going to service."

### ECHOES.

THE manner in which echoes are produced, common as the phenomenon is, has not been very perfectly explained by writers on the subject of sound. Sound, it is now understood, is propagated by vibrations of the air, which, originating in a centre-point, pass spherically outwards, in all directions, like the waves produced by the dropping of a stone into a pool. On meeting any obstacle, these vibrating waves of elastic air must first sustain a certain degree of condensation, and then rebound in a direction contrary to that of their former movement, carrying back the sound. This repercussion constitutes what is called an echo. Of course, the reverberated sound is intrinsically the same as it was before; the difference lies only in the degrees of force and clearness.

This explanation is simple, and may seem, at first view, satisfactory. But it must be admitted that there are difficulties attending the subject, which are not explicable by a reference to any such simple fundamental theory. We find, by experiment, that sound is reflected in nearly the same manner as light; yet light requires a polished surface for reflection, whereas, in the case of many natural echoes, the repercussions of sound appear to be produced by the most uneven surfaces, by shapeless rocks, and even by clouds. In truth, all that we really understand of the matter is, that the columns of vibrating or sonorous air, by which any sound is propagated, meet a peculiarly shaped obstacle, and rebound, so forming an echo to any ear which is within the range of the repercussion. There will be no echo, however, if the original sound is still affecting the organ of hearing. The ear does not distinguish the succession of two sounds unless there be between them an interval of the twelfth of a second, and as sound travels about ninety-five feet in the course of a second, the obstacle or object which causes the repetition of a vocal sound must be half that distance away, or about forty-eight feet from the utterer, in order to permit the echo to be distinguishable by him.

A simple echo is that in which one repetition is heard; a compound echo, where two or more are audible. In the case of a single echo, there appears to be but one obstacle to the passage of sound; in that of compound echoes, there are either various obstacles, so placed that the separate reflections of sound caused by them strike the ear at different times, or the locality is such that the sound, once reflected, meets new obstacles, and is re-echoed for a greater or lesser number of times.

Compound echoes are those of course which have chiefly interested philosophers, simple echoes being comparatively common. One of the most remarkable echoes noticed any where, is that which Mr Addison mentions as existing at the villa of Simonetta, near Milan. A man's voice, speaking in full tones, is here repeated about forty times, and the report of a pistol about sixty times; but they follow each other so rapidly that it is scarcely possible to number them. According to travellers, this phenomenon is occasioned by the reflecting of the sound between the two parallel wings of the Simonetta mansion, which wings consist of dead walls, standing at right angles to the main edifice. This seems to be a case, therefore, where the echo of the original sound is re-echoed, again and again. At Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, there is another remarkable compound echo, which repeats a single sound not less than fifty times. In addition to this power, the Woodstock echo repeats, by day, seventeen syllables in succession, and by night twenty. This repetition of several syllables or words depends on the distance of the obstacle from the speaker. Before the

repetition of the first word can reach the ear, the speaker has time to utter a number in succession, which, in like manner, do not reach the obstacle early enough to confuse the echo of the first.

At Roseneath, in Argyleshire, there is an echo, which, like the preceding, is compound in a double sense. If a person, placed at the proper distance, plays eight or ten notes of an air on a trumpet, the echo faithfully repeats them, but a *third* (that is, two notes) lower; after a short silence, another repetition is heard, in a tone still lower; and a third time, after another interval, the silence is broken by a third repetition, in a tone the lowest of all.

It has been mentioned as somewhat difficult to comprehend, how nature, without the aid of smooth reflecting surfaces, and indeed by the agency often of surfaces extremely rough and broken, can so perfectly concentrate and throw back sounds as we find done in the case of most natural echoes. The fact that sound obeys laws of reflection similar to those of light, rather increases than diminishes the difficulty. This fact will be apparent from a description of what is called the "magic mirror." This mirror is constructed as follows.

A concave mirror is fixed in a vertical position, opposite to a partition-wall in which there is an aperture of the same size as the mirror, and facing it exactly. A small thin curtain may conceal this aperture, and also the mirror, without impeding the passage of the sound. On the other side of the wall, at a very short distance from it, a second mirror is placed, exactly facing the hole in the wall and the first mirror. If a small figure be fixed with its ear or head in the focus of one mirror, any person who places his ear in the focus of the second, will hear distinctly the slightest whisper which may be uttered in the ear of the figure alluded to. In other words, although the mirrors are in different rooms, the slightest sound uttered in the focus of one mirror is reflected from it, and conveyed in straight lines, through the aperture in the wall, to the other mirror, in the focus of which it is condensed so as to be audible there, and there alone. With the aid of thin curtains, and all proper apparatus, jugglers have made this magic mirror a source of mighty wonderment. It is upon the same principle that the famous echoing or whispering galleries of Florence and other places are constructed, or rather that they act, since such qualities were not intentionally given to them by the architects. In these galleries, the least whisper emitted at a certain point at one end is heard at a certain point at the other, or, in other words, in the focus of the echo. The following curious instance is mentioned in Herschel's *Treatise on Sound*:—"In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of two hundred and fifty feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point (which seems to have been discovered accidentally), till at length one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat overgratified by hearing a confession of a disagreeable nature from his wife, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed."

A very peculiar echo has been noticed at a spot called Genesay, near Rouen. At this place the person who speaks or sings hears only his own voice, and not the echo; a person, listening near by, hears only the echo, and not the voice; to others, standing still farther apart, there appears to be a mixture of voices or sounds, to an amazing extent; and, finally, while one person hears it on the right, to another the echo or voice seems to be on the left, and so on. The report varies constantly with each party's position. This oblique echo is formed by a semicircular range of buildings, and in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences* an attempt is made to explain the whole phenomena by a reference to the form and arrangements of the edifice. But the marvel is, why such echoes are not common, seeing that in the case of ordinary echoes we cannot generally discern any cause for the concentration of the echo into a single report. When a hill, or a building, or trees, form the resonant obstacles, as they do in most cases, we commonly observe about them so many angles and inequalities, that we might naturally expect them to yield, one and all, echoes similar to that of Genesay. A *certain* portion of the locality ought to yield a much weaker and more diffused sound than a *convex* object; and there can be no doubt that such causes will always produce such results, could we distinctly trace the connection on a large scale.

The subject of echoes is of great importance, when we consider it in relation to the diffusion of sound in churches and other public buildings. Where the echo and the original sound are heard in succession, as is the case in many large buildings, the effect is extremely disagreeable, and prevents the speaker from being heard. The desirable plan is, not to destroy the echo, but so to concentrate it, that it may chime in with and strengthen the speaker's voice. Dr Beasley Reid effected this in the temporary edifice for the two Houses of Parliament, by placing peculiarly shaped reflecting boards around the building, in order to concentrate the sound, and by flooring the house with a matted substance, which could not reflect or diffuse the sound anew.

But it is to natural echoes that we wish to confine ourselves at present, and we shall, in conclusion, give some remarks of Herschel upon the echoes of Menai. "Beneath the Suspension Bridge across the Menai Strait in Wales, close to one of the main piers, is a remarkably fine echo. The sound of a blow on the pier with a hammer is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier at a distance of 576 feet; and in addition to this, the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway. The effect is a series of sounds which may be thus described:—The first return is sharp and strong from the roadway overhead; the rattling which succeeds dies away rapidly, but the single repercussion from the opposite pier is very strong, and is succeeded by a faint palpitation, repeating the sound at the rate of twenty-eight times in five seconds, and which therefore corresponds to a distance of 184 feet, or very nearly the double interval from the roadway to the water. Thus, it appears that in the repercussion between the water and roadway, that from the latter only affects the ear, the line drawn from the auditor to the water being too oblique for the sound to diverge sufficiently in that direction. Another peculiarity deserves especial notice: the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes just on that point. As it deviates to one or the other side, the return is proportionably fainter, and is scarcely heard by him when his station is a little beyond the extreme edge of the pier, though another person, stationed (on the same side of the water) at an equal distance from the central point, so as to have the pier between them, hears it well." In this case, possibly from the superior skill and accuracy of the observer, we find an intelligible connection pointed out between cause and effect. It is only from a similarly close examination of natural echoes, in general, that architects will arrive at just principles for their guidance in the erection of buildings intended for public speaking.

#### GERAMB'S TRAVELS IN PALESTINE.\*

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, there appeared in London a whiskered German baron, driving a chariot of inexplicable construction, dressed in a costume that combined the oddities of every nation under heaven, and proclaiming himself a victim of Napoleon's tyranny. Such an arrival at a time when the long war had made a foreigner a rare sight in England, produced a sensation of which the present generation can form no conception. Baron Geramb became the great lion of the day; his portrait appeared in every print-shop; his movements were recorded in every paper; no party was complete without his presence; even Carlton House courted him as a guest; and he never appeared in public without a crowd at his heels. He reigned supreme in the fashionable world some six or seven weeks longer than ever lion reigned before, but at length suddenly disappeared. After the lapse of nearly as much time as nature assigns to a generation of man, the baron suddenly comes again before the world as if he had risen from the dead, no longer a man of fashion, but a monk of La Trappe, in which capacity he informs us he has traversed Palestine as a humble pilgrim. The book before us is the result of his journey.

It must be owned at the outset that the guise under which the baron traversed Palestine, afforded him opportunities of becoming acquainted with some portions of the population which escape the notice of the generality of travellers. An Englishman or a Frenchman armed with a *firman* is transmitted from one Mahomedan authority to another, and all that he sees of the Christian population is in hasty visits to monasteries, and a few of the most celebrated churches. The humble monk visits the cottages of the Catholic Arabs, whose very existence is almost unknown to other tourists; and though our author gives fewer particulars of this interesting race than we could desire, still inquiries in other quarters have convinced us that his facts are authentic. The severe tasks which the Arabs generally impose upon their women have been fully described by Burckhardt and Niebuhr; the baron informs us that Christianity has not led to any amelioration of the female condition in Palestine, and his description of the toils that they are compelled to endure at Bethlehem possesses much melancholy interest.

"As the reservoirs and the canals which supply Bethlehem as well as Jerusalem with water, are in ruins, and dry eleven months in the year, the women are obliged to go a league to fetch what they want for household use, and to bring it back themselves in skins. Add to this the toil of climbing steep hills under their burden, and then say, my dear friend, if it be possible to suppress a painful feeling, especially when you consider that this task is to be performed three or four times a week."

A few days since I was taking a walk outside the town with the *curé*. About three quarters of a mile from it, we met with a young girl returning with her provision. She had set down her skin upon a fragment of rock, and was standing beside it, out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from her face. Curious to know the weight of the skin, I begged her to put it on my shoulders; my request astonished her not a little; she nevertheless complied very cheerfully.

\* Journal of Travels in Palestine, Egypt, and Syria. By Marie Joseph de Geramb, Monk of La Trappe. London, Colburn.

It was as much as I could do to take a few steps under the burden. "Poor thing!" said I, as I threw it down, looking at the *curé*, "how old is she? Not more than sixteen, I daresay." "Sixteen!" said he; "she is not thirteen; and, addressing her in Arabic, he asked, 'How old are you, my girl?' 'Twelve, sir.' I took from my pocket some pieces of money, which I handed to her, and which she accepted with a lively demonstration of joy. But to go so far for water is not the only task of the poor Bethlehemites. The town is destitute of wood, nor is any to be found nearer than some leagues. It is the women who are obliged to provide this also. But what wrings one's heart, and I must confess makes my blood boil, is to see these wretched worn-out emaciated creatures, having misery stamped on their faces, sinking beneath their loads, passing in sight of their husbands, listlessly seated in the public square, smoking and chatting by way of pastime, while not a thought ever enters the head of any of these heartless husbands to relieve his partner of her burden, and to carry for her at least from that spot to his home what she has had to bring whole leagues.

Is this all? No, my friend. At night, with this wood which has cost such toil, she is obliged to heat the water brought from such a distance, she has to wash the feet of that man, then to cook his supper, then to wait upon him standing—upon him and his eldest son—without taking the least share in the meal, and to wait till they have done before she can step aside to eat by herself what they have left. . . . The pen drops from my fingers. Is it possible that a sex so worthy of all the cares, of all the attentions, of all the affections of man, can be thus treated by man? Is it possible that she can be thus treated, who carries him in her bosom, who brings him forth with pain, who suckles him with her milk, who warms him on her heart, who rocks him upon her knees, who guides his first steps, who strives by education to transfuse into him all that is gentle and kind, who delights to throw a charm over his life, who shares his sorrows, who best knows how to soothe his woes, to comfort him, to nurse him in illness and infirmity, to lighten and sometimes to embellish his old age, and to perform for him, until his last moment, services of which any other courage, any other devotedness, any other love, would be incapable? And that at Bethlehem!

A deeper interest belongs to the condition of the Jews in Jerusalem; outcasts and aliens in the city of their fathers, with the symbol of foreign dominion and worship displayed over the spot where once their national temple stood—"the abomination of desolation in the holy place"—ever before their eyes; spurned alike by Mussulmans and Christians; slaves, nay, the bondsmen of a slave, it is no wonder that moral degradation has followed in the train of political suffering, and that intellect has been crushed beneath the hoofs which trampled down the heart. It is highly creditable to the baron, bigot though he be, that his sympathies were awakened for this proscribed race; indeed he speaks of them in more favourable terms than any preceding travellers, and we gladly do them the justice of quoting his testimony.

"The Jews of this country have been represented by some writers in a light that seems to me absolutely false. It is true that here, as everywhere else, they retain that characteristic type which distinguishes them from all the people in the world; that seal, that stamp, which neither time nor climate effaces; it is true that at Jerusalem the Jew is still a Jew, and there, too, interest is his idol; he has expatriated himself to come and die there. In order that after his death he may be laid beneath a few stones in the valley of Jehoshaphat, he has left the country in which he was born, his home, his relatives, his friends; with his eyes fixed on the spot where stood the temple, he deposes its ruin, and sheds floods of tears over the destruction of the holy city, and the dispersion of his nation; and with a heart wrung, with eyes yet dim with tears, he is ready to lend, at an exorbitant interest, to him who unfortunately is obliged to have recourse to his purse. But, on the other hand, it must be confessed that the Jews of Jerusalem are in general well educated, and not deficient in attainments; they understand several languages; almost all of them speak Spanish and Italian. The school in their synagogue, though inferior to that which they have at Tiberias, which is the most celebrated of all, is directed by masters who devote themselves with zeal to the instruction of the youth committed to their care. They treat their pupils with the more severity, because they conceive that in so doing they are conforming with the precepts of the Bible. When I visited the boys' school, I was struck to see a little urchin, seven or eight years old, tied with a cord, and receiving the bastinado on the soles of his feet. The poor fellow groaned deeply, but without crying as children generally do. I immediately solicited his pardon through my dragoman. It was willingly granted by the master. Notwithstanding the severity of the discipline, and the incessant studies to which they are kept, all these boys have a cheerful look. The parents, and even the children, have a certain politeness in their manners, which form a singular contrast with those of the inhabitants belonging to other nations. I have never seen a Jew asking charity; I have never seen one covered with the rags of wretchedness, which are but too frequently met with among the Arabs and the Christians; and this is owing less to the relief which the poor receive from the rich, or from that which foreign synagogues transmit to their indigent brethren, than to activity and industry. The Jew is a stranger to that slothful fondness for rest so common among the people of the Levant, whose useless and indolent life is the principal cause of their indigence. The Jew employs himself; he spreads out sometimes upon a tottering stone, wares of such small value, that you are utterly astonished that he can hope to derive any profit from them; but should he sell no more than will enable him to procure a morsel of bread, that appears to him preferable to the shame he would feel in holding out his

hand. There are Jews of all trades, of all professions; my tinman is a Jew. As I have occasion for a good many tin boxes and cases to hold valuable objects, I see him frequently; and his assiduity, his indefatigable activity, always fills me with surprise. A quality peculiar here to this class of persons, is a civility which forms a singular contrast with the rude, uncouth behaviour of the other inhabitants. Have you lost your way? Are you seeking a street? A Jew, be sure, will offer to conduct you; he will even accompany you for a considerable distance; and, too proud to ask for pay, too fond of gain to make an absolute sacrifice of it, when you have reached the place to which you are going he will look at your hand, he will cast an eye at your pocket: if you choose to take the hint, well and good."

The name of Djeddar Pacha has been made familiar to English ears by his desperate defence of Acre against Napoleon, which rolled back the tide of war from Syria to Egypt, and prevented the establishment of a French empire in the Levant. Even among oriental despots, Djeddar, or "the butcher," as his name signifies, holds the pre-eminence for remorseless cruelty; ears, eyes, and noses, were rare appendages among his courtiers; and had he preserved the heads of his victims, he might easily have raised a loftier pile than the ghastly monument erected by Nadir Shah. Yet Djeddar is regretted at Acre; he was inflexibly just when nothing interfered with his caprice; and there mingled in his judgments a bitter humour and sarcastic spirit of jesting, which were highly gratifying to oriental imaginations. The following specimen of his deciding disputed possession by a parable, affords a favourable view of his character:—

"A young Christian, carrying on business at St Jean d'Acre, had won the good graces of Djeddar by the dealings which he had had with him, when selling him various European commodities. He lived in a handsome house with his father, an aged and infirm man. The latter occupied the best and most convenient apartment on the second floor.

The young man, who was about to marry, requested his father to give up his room to him for a few weeks only, protesting that he would then restore it with many thanks. The old man complied; and going down to the first floor, though it was disagreeable and unwholesome, he settled himself in it. At the expiration of the time specified, he claimed his room; the young couple begged him to wait; he consented, and allowed a further term. At the end of it he again urged his claim. But this time the ungrateful son, unmindful of what he owed to his parent, insolently declared that he intended to stay where he was, and desired that he might not be troubled any more on the subject. The unfortunate father bore the injury in silence; but as his compliance with the wishes of his son, and the restrictions which he had attached, were known, the unworthy conduct of the young man soon became public.

Djeddar, by means of his numerous spies, knew all that passed. Being informed of this circumstance, he sent for the son. The young man relying on a good-will, of which he had previously received habitual testimonies, hastened to the pacha, without hesitation and without fear. He found him in the divan, surrounded by his ministers and his executioners, and very soon perceived that he had incurred his displeasure.

"Of what religion art thou?" cried Djeddar, darting at him a look that made him turn pale with fear, and deprived him of the power of reply. "I ask," he resumed, raising his voice, "of what religion thou art?"

"I—I am a Christian, as your excellency knows. 'A Christian! thou liest! Let us see! Make the sign of the Christians!'"

The young man, trembling, made the sign of the cross. "That is not it," said the pacha, clapping his hand upon his dagger. "Pronounce aloud," continued he; "pronounce aloud the words which accompany that sign!"

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," replied the terrified Christian.

"Repeat them," said the pacha, "and speak louder. I am old, and growing deaf."

The young man lifted his right hand to his forehead, and repeated in as loud a voice as he could, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Aha!" cried Djeddar, in a voice that made the divan shake, and thrilled the young man with horror. "Aha! wretch! the Father is on the forehead, the Son on the breast! . . . Knowest thou what that means?—the Father is above, and the Son below. Go, scoundrel! go home; and if in a quarter of an hour it is not so there, thy head shall roll in the dust."

I need not say what haste the culprit made to throw himself at the feet of his father, to beg his pardon, and to give up the room which he had dared to withhold from him so unjustly."

We shall not follow the baron in his pilgrimage to the various localities which tradition has consecrated as the scenes of the events in Gospel history. His credulity on these subjects, whether real or affected, is so outrageously extravagant, that it is painfully ridiculous. His account of Egypt, though it is superficial and sketchy, contains some vivid descriptions, which bear internal proofs of their fidelity. His picture of the present state of Alexandria is equally accurate and amusing.

"In its present state it exhibits the most extraordinary, nay, even the most hideous contrasts: it is a confused assemblage of palaces and cabins, a mixture of luxury and poverty, of indolence and activity, of Turkish habits and European manners, which astonish the foreigner. Here you are amidst bustle, the din of business or of pleasure, there all is the silence and solitude of the desert. A man superbly dressed, covered with shawls of great value, walks by the side of a naked wretch; an English chariot, drawn by four magnificent horses, with footmen in laced liveries, is crossing a pile of camel



driven by squalid Arabs; European ladies, perfumed, in the most elegant costume, are tripping along by those hideous figures, barefooted, without any other garment than a chemise of blue cloth, that is falling to rags, without any other veil than a piece of dirty linen with which they keep nose and mouth constantly covered, and which leaves nothing exposed but two dull eyes that tell of distress and want; Europeans seated at a sumptuous banquet, singing about liberty, while at the moment men are driven along under their windows with sticks, and boys of twelve years old are dragged with chains about their necks, to be made soldiers and sailors against their will; intelligent workmen, under the direction of a skilful architect, erecting monuments which attest and do honour to the progress of the arts; while others are rummaging in the ground, breaking up capitals and shafts of columns, and statues, which time has spared.

One thing which appears to me worthy of remark, because I have not met with it elsewhere, is, that at the corner of every street you find asses well caparisoned, which boys eagerly offer to those who wish to inspect the city, or to go from one quarter to another, and whom they follow on the run without even flagging. There are few streets frequented for the sake of trade in which you do not meet with these animals going and coming almost incessantly; they are the hackney coaches and the cabriolets of the country.\*

We close these volumes with some feelings of pain and disappointment. Human nature delights in extremes; the change of the dandy into the ascetic, and of the baron into the monk, is not after all very surprising. But how a man possessing such talents as the baron manifestly does, should hope to gain sympathy, by displaying a spirit of sour fanaticism and acrimonious bigotry, is truly astonishing.

#### LAW PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ANIMALS.

It appears to have been by no means unusual in France, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to institute legal proceedings against animals, allowing them an advocate to defend them, and treating them in every respect as fairly as if they had been human beings. How far it was done in a serious spirit, and how far in the spirit of drollery, it would now be difficult to say; but certain it is that such proceedings occasionally took place, and were conducted with all the external gravity desirable in similar cases where human beings are concerned. The following is a notable instance.

From about the year 1522 to 1530, the rats in the bishopric of Autun had multiplied to a vast extent, inasmuch that, from their ravages, serious apprehensions of famine were at length entertained. All human remedies having been tried without any important effect, a resolution was at length formed to petition the ecclesiastical judge of the district to excommunicate them. It was conceived, however, that this remedy was the more likely to be efficacious if all the usual forms of law were observed. A proctor therefore lodged a formal complaint against the rats. The judge ordered that they should be summoned to appear before him. The period having expired without their having presented themselves, the proctor obtained a first judgment by default against them, and demanded that the final judgment should be proceeded to. The judge, however, deeming it but fair that the accused should be defended, officially named M. Barthélemy Chassanée, a young advocate, to be their defender.

Chassanée, being like most young barristers anxious to distinguish himself, readily undertook the task; and knowing the discredit in which his clients were held, he resolved to do all he could to delay proceedings, in order to afford time for prejudices to subside. He at first contended that, the rats being dispersed amongst a great number of villages, a single summons was not sufficient to warn them all. He therefore demanded, and it was ordered, that a second notification should be given to them by the clergyman of each parish at the time of his sermon. This occasioned a considerable delay, at the end of which, the rats still failing to appear, M. Chassanée made a new excuse for the default of his clients, by dwelling on the length and difficulty of the journey; on the danger they were exposed to from the cats, their mortal enemies, who would lie in wait for them in all directions, &c. When these evasive pleas were exhausted, he rested his defence upon considerations of humanity and policy. "Was there any thing more unjust than general proscriptions levelled at whole families, which punished the child for the guilt of the parents, which involved, without distinction, those of tender years, and even those whose incapacity equally renders them incapable of crime," &c.

We are not informed how the case ended. But De Thou, who relates the circumstances above stated, adds that the ingenuity shown by M. Chassanée laid the foundation of his reputation, and he rose in time to be first president of the parliament of Provence. A more grave result has been hinted at. While he held this high office, severe proceedings were instituted against the Protestant Vaudois; and M. Chassanée was called upon to take the part assigned to him by his office in their persecution. The unfortunate people, at this juncture, put to him the severe question, how he could reconcile it to his conscience to dispense with the usual judicial forms towards them, his fellow-creatures, when he had some years before insisted on their scrupulous observance towards the rats of Autun. The president was staggered, and he actually seems to have, in consequence, given a silent protection to the Vaudois.

Gui Pope relates that going to Chalons (this must have been about the middle of the fifteenth century), to present his homage to the king, he saw upon a gibbet a pig which had been hanged for killing a child. On the 22d of September 1543, at an assembly held by the principal council of the city of Grenoble, one of the members represented that the slugs and caterpillars did dreadful mischief. He concluded by demanding "that they should petition the ecclesiastical judge to excommunicate the said creatures, and to proceed against them by means of restriction, to obviate the damage they daily committed, and would occasion in future;" and the council decreed in conformity to this demand. A similar case, which occurred in 1554, is more particularly related by Chorier in his History of Dauphiny. "This year," says he, "was remarkable for continual rains; there was an infinite number of caterpillars: and the same causes of corruption were renewed in 1555. Extraordinary measures were taken against the insects, which became extremely multiplied. The walls, the windows, and the chimneys of the houses, were covered with them, even in the towns. It was a lively and hideous representation of the plague of Egypt by locusts. The Grand Vicar of Valence caused the caterpillars to be cited to appear before him, and ordered an attorney to defend them. The cause was solemnly pleaded, and he condemned them to depart from the diocese. But they did not obey: human laws have no control over the instruments of divine justice. It was then deliberated and agreed upon to proceed against these animals by means of anathema and imprecation, and, as it is said, by malediction and excommunication. But two lawyers and two divines having been consulted, the grand vicar was induced to change his intentions, so that abjuration, prayers, and sprinkling with holy water, were alone had recourse to. The life of the caterpillar is short; and these devotions, having lasted during several months, were supposed to have had the miraculous effect of exterminating them!"

#### MR TOWNSHEND'S EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

SINCE the enterprising John Jacob Astor made his celebrated overland journey from the valley of the Mississippi to the shore of the Pacific in 1810, with the view of planting a fur-trading emporium on the Columbia river,\* the vast territory lying between the United States and the Pacific Ocean has been repeatedly traversed by bands of white men engaged in carrying on a precarious though lucrative traffic in furs with the native tribes. Since the comparatively primitive times of Mr Astor, the region on both sides of the Rocky Mountains has become better known, the Indian races have diminished in numbers by their incessant wars, and the companies of fur-traders have now somewhat less to fear and suffer in their protracted wanderings. Still, all such excursions from the eastern to the western waters are not without many perils and troubles. The setting-out of an expedition resembles a caravan of pilgrims sallying forth across the African deserts; civilisation is for months, perhaps for years, left behind; no vestige of house or road is seen on the apparently interminable wastes; journeying is performed only on horseback during the day, while repose is enjoyed in tents pitched for the night; a constant outlook must be kept for prowling wild beasts, or the not less stealthy steps of the Pawnee Loup Indian; in short, all is wild nature, romantic enough, perhaps, to untamed minds, but, as we can imagine, altogether unendurable by persons accustomed to the quiet and orderly life of cities. Strange as it seems, however, there are highly cultivated individuals who, inspired by a love of science, or for the mere sake of sport—such as having a shot at a buffalo or black bear—voluntarily make part of the fur-trading bands, and consent to remain for years from home, friends, and the world of refinement. A notice of the excursion of a gentleman possessing the character of both naturalist and sportsman, will form the subject of the present, and probably a succeeding article; the traveller's own words, from his published narrative, being occasionally introduced.†

Mr Townshend, an enthusiastic ornithologist, accompanied by his friend Professor Nuttall (of Harvard University), an eminent botanist, being desirous of increasing the existing stock of knowledge in the departments of science to which they were respectively attached, agreed to accompany a body of traders, commanded by a Captain Wyeth, to the Columbia river, and adjacent parts. The traders belonged to an association called the Columbia River Fishing and Trading Company, and on this occasion they designed to fix a permanent branch-establishment in the west. On the evening of the 24th of March 1834, the two friends arrived in a steam-boat at St Louis, on the Missouri, from Pittsburgh. At St Louis, which is the last great town within the settlements, they furnished themselves with several pairs of leathern pantaloons, enormous overcoats, and white wool hats, with round crowns, fitting tightly to the head, and almost hard enough to resist a musket-ball. Leaving their baggage to come on with the steamer, about three hundred miles farther up the Missouri, Mr Townshend and his friend set off to amuse themselves by walking and

hunting leisurely through that distance, which is composed chiefly of wide flat prairies, with few and remotely situated habitations of the frontier settlers. At a small village on the river, the steamer arrived with the baggage, and part of the proposed company; and now the ulterior arrangements were made for setting out.

There were amongst the men, to compose the caravan, a great variety of dispositions. Some who had not been accustomed to the kind of life they were to lead, looked forward to it with eager delight, and talked of stirring incidents and hairbreadth escapes. Others, who were more experienced, seemed to be as easy and unconcerned about it as a citizen would be in contemplating a drive of a few miles into the country. Some were evidently reared in the shade, and not accustomed to hardships: many were almost as rough as the grizzly bears, and not a little proud of their feats, of which they were fond of boasting; but the majority were strong able-bodied men. During the day, the captain kept all his men employed in arranging and packing a vast variety of goods for carriage. In addition to the necessary clothing for the company, arms, ammunition, &c., there were thousands of trinkets of various kinds, beads, paint, bells, rings, and such trumpery, intended as presents for the Indians, as well as objects of trade with them. The bales were usually made to weigh about eighty pounds, of which a horse was to carry two. Captain Wyeth ensured the good-will and obedience of the men, by his affable but firm manner, and showed himself every way suitable for his very important mission.

On the 28th of April, at ten o'clock in the morning, all things being prepared, the caravan, consisting of seventy men and two hundred and fifty horses, began its march towards the west. All were in high spirits, and full of hope of adventure; uproarious bursts of merriment, and gay and lively songs, constantly echoed along the line of the cavalcade. The road lay over a vast rolling prairie, with occasional small spots of timber at the distance of several miles apart, and this was expected to be the complexion of the track for some weeks. For the first day and night the journey was agreeable, but on the second day a heavy rain fell, which made the ground wet and muddy, soaked the blanket bedding, and rendered camping at night any thing but pleasant. The description given of a nightly camp is interesting:—"The party is divided into messes of eight men, and each mess is allowed a separate tent. The captain of a mess (who is generally an 'old hand') receives each morning rations of pork, flour, &c., for his people, and they choose one of their body as cook for the whole. Our camp now consists of nine messes, of which Captain W.'s forms one, although it contains only four persons besides the cook. When we arrive in the evening at a suitable spot for encampment, Captain W. rides round a space which he considers large enough to accommodate it, and directs where each mess shall pitch its tent. The men immediately unload their horses, and place their bales of goods in the direction indicated, and in such manner, as, in case of need, to form a sort of fortification and defence. When all the messes are arranged in this way, the camp forms a hollow square, in the centre of which the horses are placed and staked firmly to the ground. The guard consists of from six to eight men, and is relieved three times each night, and so arranged that each gang may serve alternate nights. The captain of a guard (who is generally also the captain of a mess) collects his people at the appointed hour, and posts them around outside the camp in such situations that they may command a view of the environs, and be ready to give the alarm in case of danger. The captain cries the hour regularly by a watch, and *all's well*, every fifteen minutes, and each man of the guard is required to repeat this call in rotation, which if any one should fail to do, it is fair to conclude that he is asleep, and he is then immediately visited and stirred up. In case of defection of this kind, our laws adjudge to the delinquent the hard sentence of walking three days. As yet, none of our poor fellows have incurred this penalty, and the probability is, that it would not at this time be enforced, as we are yet in a country where little molestation is to be apprehended; but in the course of another week's travel, when thieving and ill-designing Indians will be out, lying on our trail, it will be necessary that the strictest watch be kept, and, for the preservation of our persons and property, that our laws shall be rigidly enforced."

Proceeding onwards, the party passed through a friendly tribe of Kaw Indians, with whom they traded a little. Some parts of the prairies are described by Mr Townshend as beautiful:—"The little streams are fringed with a thick growth of pretty trees and bushes, and the buds are now swelling, and the leaves expanding, to 'welcome back the spring.' The birds, too, sing joyously amongst them—grobesakes, thrushes, and buntings—a merry and musical band. I am particularly fond of sallying out early in the morning, and strolling around the camp. The light breeze just bends the tall tops of the grass on the boundless prairie, the birds are commencing their matin carolings, and all nature looks fresh and beautiful. The horses of the camp are lying comfortably on their sides, and seem, by the glances which they give me in passing, to know that their hour of toil is approaching, and the patient kine are ruminating in happy unconsciousness."

Some difficulties were encountered in passing one

\* See our article, "Irving's Astoria," Number 386.

† An Excursion to the Rocky Mountains, by J. K. Townshend. Philadelphia. An edition, with a slightly altered title, has lately appeared in London.



of the larger streams, and in a day or two afterwards the camp was visited by three Indians of the Otto tribe. These people smoked the pipe of peace with the captain, and were otherwise friendly; but one of them was regarded with the most malignant looks by Richardson, an old weather-beaten hunter, who afterwards explained the cause of his anger to Mr Townsend. "Why," said he, "that *Injen* that sat opposite to you is my bitterest enemy. I was once going down alone from the rendezvous with letters for St Louis, and when I arrived on the lower part of the Platte river (just a short distance beyond us here), I fell in with about a dozen Ottos. They were known to be a friendly tribe, and I therefore felt no fear of them. I dismounted from my horse, and sat with them upon the ground. It was in the depth of winter; the ground was covered with snow, and the river was frozen solid. While I was thinking of nothing but my dinner, which I was then about preparing, four or five of the cowards jumped on me, mastered my rifle, and held my arms fast, while they took from me my knife and tomahawk, my flint and steel, and all my ammunition. They then loosed me, and told me to be off. I begged them, for the love of God, to give me my rifle and a few loads of ammunition, or I should starve before I could reach the settlements. 'No—I should have nothing, and if I did not start off immediately, they would throw me under the ice of the river.' And," continued the excited hunter, while he ground his teeth with bitter and uncontrollable rage, "that man that sat opposite to you was the chief of them. He recognised me, and knew very well the reason why I would not smoke with him. I tell you, sir, if ever I meet that man in any other situation than that in which I saw him this morning, I'll shoot him with as little hesitation as I would shoot a deer. Several years have passed since the perpetration of this outrage, but it is still as fresh in my memory as ever; and I again declare, that if ever an opportunity offers, I will kill that man." "But, Richardson, did they take your horse also?" "To be sure they did, and my blankets, and every thing I had, except my clothes." "But how did you subsist until you reached the settlements? You had a long journey before you." "Why, set to trapping prairie squirrels with little nooses made out of the hairs of my head." I should remark that his hair was so long that it fell in heavy masses on his shoulders. "But squirrels in winter, Richardson! I never heard of squirrels in winter." "Well, but there was plenty of them, though; little white ones, that lived among the snow." Such is a trait of human nature in these far-western regions.

On the 18th of May, the party arrived at the Platte river, beyond which herds of buffalo begin to make their appearance, thousands, or rather tens of thousands, in a single herd. They generally fly from hunters, and are overtaken and shot only with great difficulty. Being shy and keen of scent, they cannot be easily approached in silence. The Indians resort to a remarkable stratagem for killing them. "The skin of a calf is properly dressed, with the head and legs left attached to it. The Indian envelopes himself in this, and with his short bow and a brace of arrows, ambles off into the very midst of a herd. When he has selected such an animal as suits his fancy, he comes close alongside of it, and, without noise, passes an arrow through his heart. One arrow is always sufficient, and it is generally delivered with such force, that at least half the shaft appears through the opposite side. The creature totters, and is about to fall, when the Indian glides around, and draws the arrow from the wound lest it should be broken. A single Indian is said to kill a great number of buffaloes in this way, before any alarm is communicated to the herd."

The surprise of our traveller was very great on first seeing one of the large buffalo herds. "Towards evening, on rising a hill, we were suddenly greeted by a sight which seemed to astonish even the oldest amongst us. The whole plain, as far as the eye could discern, was covered by one enormous mass of buffalo. Our vision, at the very least computation, would certainly extend ten miles, and in the whole of this great space, including about eight miles in width from the bluffs to the river bank, there was apparently no vista in the incalculable multitude. It was truly a sight that would have excited even the dullest mind to enthusiasm. Our party rode up to within a few hundred yards of the edge of the herd, before any alarm was communicated; then the bulls—which are always stationed around as sentinels—began pawing the ground, and throwing the earth over their heads; in a few moments they started in a slow clumsy canter; but as we neared them, they quickened their pace to an astonishingly rapid gallop, and in a few minutes were entirely beyond the reach of our guns, but were still so near that their enormous horns, and long shaggy beards, were very distinctly seen. Shortly after we encamped, our hunters brought in the choice parts of five that they had killed."

Of the animals belonging to these vast herds which the hunters kill, only a small portion is usually taken for food. Mr Townsend and two of his associates having killed a bull buffalo, they proceeded to cut it up in the following approved manner:—"The animal was first raised from his side where he had lain, and supported upon his knees, with his hoofs turned under him; a longitudinal incision was then made from the nape or anterior base of the hump, and continued backward to the loins, and a large portion of the skin

from each side removed; these pieces of skin were placed upon the ground, with the under surface uppermost, and the fleeces, or masses of meat, taken from along the back, were laid upon them. These fleeces, from a large animal, will weigh, perhaps, a hundred pounds each, and comprise the whole of the hump on each side of the vertical processes (commonly called the *hump ribs*), which are attached to the vertebrae. The fleeces are considered the choice parts of the buffalo, and here, where the game is so abundant, nothing else is taken, if we except the tongue and an occasional marrow-bone. This, it must be confessed, appears like a useless and unwarrantable waste of the goods of Providence; but when are men economical, unless compelled to be so by necessity?" The food of the hunters consists for months of nothing but this kind of buffalo meat, roasted, and cold water—no bread of any kind. On this rude fare they enjoy the best health, clear heads, and high spirits; and what more, says Mr T., does a man require to make him happy?

The country now began to alter in appearance for the worse. Having passed the Platte river, a considerable tributary of the Missouri, the party arrived on a great sandy waste, forming a kind of upper tableland of North America (about latitude 42 degrees north, and longitude 100 degrees to 105 degrees west of Greenwich)—a region without a single green thing to vary and enliven the scene, and abounding in swarms of ferocious little black gnats, which assail the eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth of the unhappy traveller. It is necessary, however, to pursue a route in this direction, in order to find accessible passes through the Rocky Mountains, which are impenetrable more to the north-west. Making the best of their way over the inhospitable desert, and fortunately escaping any roving bands of unfriendly Indians, the cavalcade struck through a range of stony mountains, called the Black hills, and in a few days afterwards came in sight of the Wind river mountains, which form the loftiest land in the northern continent, and are at all times covered with snow of dazzling whiteness. From the great height above the level of the sea, which the party had attained, the climate was found to be cold, even although in summer; the plains were covered only by the scantiest herbage, and frequently there was great difficulty in obtaining a supply of water for the camp. The painfulness of the journey, therefore, was now extreme, both for man and beast.

At length, on the 19th of June, the party arrived on the Green river, or Colorado of the west, which they forded, and encamped upon a spot which was to form a rendezvous for all the mountain companies who left the states in spring, and also the trappers who come from various parts with furs collected by them during the previous year. Unfortunately, our traveller in passing the river was subjected to a severe ducking, which brought on a fever, and confined him to his tent for several days. His account of the encampment affords a glimpse of the wild life led by the mixed race of trappers and hunters.

"June 22.—We are now lying at the rendezvous. W. Sablette, Captains Serre, Fitzpatrick, and other leaders, with their companies, are encamped about a mile from us on the same plain, and our own camp is crowded with a heterogeneous assemblage of visitors. The principal of these are Indians, of the Nez Percé, Bannock, and Shoshoné tribes, who come with the furs and peltries which they have been collecting at the risk of their lives during the past winter and spring, to trade for ammunition, trinkets, and 'fire water.' There is, in addition to these, a great variety of personages amongst us; most of them calling themselves white men, French-Canadians, half-breeds, &c., their colour nearly as dark, and their manners wholly as wild, as the Indians with whom they constantly associate. These people, with their obstreperous mirth, their whooping, and howling, and quarrelling, added to the mounted Indians, who are constantly dashing into and through our camp, yelling like fiends, the barking and baying of savage wolf-dogs, and the incessant cracking of rifles and carbines, render our camp a perfect bedlam. A more unpleasant situation for an invalid could scarcely be conceived. I am confined closely to the tent with illness, and am compelled all day to listen to the hiccupping jargon of drunken traders, and the swearing and screaming of our own men, who are scarcely less savage than the rest, being heated by the detestable liquor which circulates freely among them. It is very much to be regretted that at times like the present there should be a positive necessity to allow the men as much rum as they can drink; but this course has been sanctioned and practised by all the leaders of parties who have hitherto visited these regions, and reform cannot be thought of now. The principal liquor in use is alcohol diluted with water. It is sold to the men at three dollars the pint! Tobacco, of very inferior quality, such as could be purchased in Philadelphia at about ten cents per pound, here fetches two dollars! and every thing else in proportion. There is no coin in circulation, and these articles are therefore paid for by the independent mountain-men, in beaver skins, buffalo robes, &c.; and these who are hired to the companies, have them charged against their wages."

30.—Our camp here is a most lovely one in every respect, and as several days have elapsed since we came, and I am convalescent, I can roam about the country a little and enjoy it. The pasture is rich and very abundant, and it does our hearts good to witness

the satisfaction and comfort of our poor jaded horses. Our tents are pitched in a pretty little valley or indentation in the plain, surrounded on all sides by low bluffs of yellow clay. Near us flows the clear deep water of the Siakadee, and beyond, on every side, is a wide and level prairie, interrupted only by some gigantic peaks of mountains and conical *bates* in the distance. The river, here, contains a great number of large trout, some grayling, and a small narrow-mouthed white fish, resembling a herring. They are all frequently taken with the hook, and the trout particularly, afford excellent sport to the lovers of angling. Old Isaac Walton would be in his glory here, and the precautionary measures which he so strongly recommends in approaching a trout stream, he would not need to practise, as the fish are not shy, and bite quickly and eagerly at a grasshopper or minnow. Buffalo, antelopes, and elk, are abundant in the vicinity, and we are therefore living well."

On the 2d of July the party bade adieu to the rendezvous, packed up their moveables, and journeyed along the bank of the river. The horses were much recruited by the long rest and good pasture, and, like their masters, were in excellent spirits for renewing the route across the wilderness.

#### PORT-ROYAL AND ITS SOLITARIES.

THE word "Port-Royal" must have repeatedly met the eye of general readers in connection with the names of various eminent writers of France, and must have excited a wish to know its meaning, and the object or objects to which it applied. Port-Royal, sometimes called Port-Royal-des-Champs (Port-Royal of the fields or country), was the title originally given to a conventual establishment for females, attached to the order of the Benedictines, and founded so early as the year 1204. Its site was about three leagues to the south of Versailles, and its foundress was Matilda, wife of Matthew de Marly, of the house of Montmorency. For four centuries the history of the convent was unmarked by any event of particular importance. Towards the close of that period, the establishment partook of the relaxation of discipline which gradually spread through so many of the contemporary religious houses of the continent. A regenerator arose at length in the person of Maria Angelica Arnauld, who was appointed abbess of Port-Royal about the year 1608, and who speedily made the convent a model of order and discipline to all the similar institutions of France. The celebrity which she gave to it induced a number of the noblest ladies of the land, and even some of the princesses of the blood-royal, to take up successively their residence near Port-Royal, that they might participate in its religious exercises, and profit by the example and counsels there brought within their sight and reach.

Succeeding events elevated Port-Royal into still greater notice. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, Antoine Arnauld, doctor of the Sorbonne, and one who left a standard name in French literature, was led to fix his abode at Port-Royal, where, besides his sister the abbess, his mother and five others of her daughters, with no less than six of his nieces, had their permanent residence. Arnauld was accompanied in his retreat from the stir of the world by his brother Arnauld d'Andilly, Antoine Lemaistre, an advocate famous for his eloquence, and by Simon Lemaistre and Isaac Louis Lemaistre, brothers of Antoine, and the latter of them well known for his translation of the Bible. Five or six other individuals, all of them men of talent and virtue, sought at the same period the seclusion of Port-Royal, disgusted with the follies of an age on which their lessons could make no impression. Their labours were more productive of good in the solitude to which they retired. Fixing their joint habitation near to the convent, they divided their time between the cultivation of their little lands, the instruction of the boarders of the convent, the education of young people confided to their care, and the composition of those learned works which have given immortality both to themselves and to Port-Royal. The "*Logic*" of Arnauld, the "*Rudimentary Greek and Latin Treatises*" of Lancelot, the "*Ethics*" of Nicole, and the "*Ecclesiastical History*" of Le Nain de Tillemont, are instances of the able and useful works which had their origin here.

Port-Royal, in fact, became a famous school, where many statesmen as well as men of letters of great subsequent celebrity received their training. It was here that the distinguished poet, the elder Racine, was educated, and here were those seeds of virtue sown in his mind, which, repressed for a time by the seductive flatteries of the world, burst forth into light and vigour at a more advanced period of his career. Racine showed his sense of the benefits he had derived from Port-Royal, not only by devoting various poems to the celebration of its many local beauties—its gardens, fields, waters, and woods—but by writing a history of the convent itself, and also a memoir vindicating the name and fame of its inhabitants. The virtuous Pascal, also, who had a sister and a niece in the establishment, enrolled himself in the band of the solitaries of Port-Royal, and, although he had his permanent dwelling elsewhere, remained in intimate relations with them up to the period of his death. Thus it was, that, in an age of gaudy show and glitter, these poor conventual sisters, who could boast of no attractive renown apart from that derived from their sanctity of life, became as it were a common bond of



union—a tie to gather and bind together in one spot all that was most eminent for rank, virtue, and learning, in the capital and country of France.

From the year 1648 to 1679, Port-Royal enjoyed its greatest celebrity, and stood at its highest point of utility. But its very renown gradually led to its fall, by exciting an envious and hostile spirit in other sections of the religious establishment of the country. Moreover, its friends and supporters, Pascal and Arnauld, had distinguished themselves by their opposition to the sect of the Jesuits, then the most powerful clerical body in France, as well as at court as elsewhere. Through these adverse agencies and influences, a blight fell on the prosperity of Port-Royal. It ceased to be a seat of learning and education. The great men who had adorned it died away one by one, and others were afraid or were forbidden to take their places and sustain its repute. By various arbitrary means, the sisterhood were reduced to one-fourth of their original numbers, and, in part, were dispersed over the land. But the enmity of the party in power did not rest here. "After long years of inveterate persecution," says the author of a supplement to Racine's History, "the lieutenant of police, d'Argenson, bearing a royal warrant, and accompanied by various commissaries, notaries, and magistrates, as well as by three hundred policemen, took the road to the convent of Port-Royal early on the morning of the 29th of October 1709. On his arrival the lieutenant invested the building, took possession of the gates, caused all papers whatsoever to be delivered up, and formally put them under seal. When this part of his commission was ended, he announced the further orders with which he was charged to the sisterhood. They were in all a band of fifteen poor females, inclusive of the superior and seven lay or serving sisters. Without resistance, without protestation, without a murmur, they submitted themselves to their lot, chanting the while their accustomed closing services, in the midst of the men who pushed them from their home. Some of them were so aged and infirm that it was necessary to procure litters to take them away. They were conducted each to a different dwelling, as if their cruel enemies had resolved that no two of them should have the poor consolation of weeping together."

The enemies of Port-Royal were not satisfied even with the expulsion of every living being from within its walls. On the 22d of January 1710, another royal edict was issued, and prompt, indeed, was its execution. The venerable building was razed to the ground, with all the separate edifices which had been successively raised around it for its visitants and friends. The materials were sold, and the destroyers of Port-Royal seemed desirous of effacing every trace of its foundations.

Still there arose from the naked and desecrated spot a sweet-smelling savour, which was hateful to its ruthless enemies. The ashes of Lemaître, Arnauld, Racine, and their kindred, yet lay there, and drew pilgrims to the scene. In 1711, the graves were opened, the mouldering bones of the illustrious dead torn from their resting-places, and scattered hither and thither, among the cemeteries of Paris and the adjoining villages!

This might indeed be termed the closing scene of the Port-Royal communion, when its members were not allowed even to enjoy the fellowship of the tomb. But its enemies could not throw oblivion on the memory of that band of brothers and sisters, and, even with all their destructive zeal, they left on the scene some tangible and visible memorials of its former inhabitants. One who recently made a pilgrimage to the spot gives the following account of the appearance which it now presents to the traveller's eye:—"A little to the right of the road leading to Chevreuse and Dampierre, stands the vale formerly inhabited by the conventual sisterhood of Port-Royal. It occupies a low situation, and is of small extent, being not more than twenty minutes' walk in length, and about ten in breadth. It is a little amphitheatre, enclosed on all sides by gently rising heights. The road descends into the vale by a pretty sharp inclination, and when the traveller has reached the centre of the hollow, he sees nought but the clear sky above, and on each side the acclivities of the hills, covered half way up with verdure, and tufted with thick woods. Silence and repose hang over the scene, and one's first thought is, that no place could have been better chosen as a retreat for those who were weary of the din of the world. On the eastern side of the vale, a vault or cellar is to be seen, being all that now remains of the mansions of the Duchesses of Liancourt and Longueville, two ladies who were among the first to retreat to the neighbourhood of Port-Royal. On the western declivity stood once the dwelling of Arnauld and his friends, and of this a considerable portion has escaped the destroyers of 1710. It is a brick building of antique fashion, and is now inhabited, in a repaired state, by a gentleman who has retained with feelings of veneration the old carved wooden staircase, worm-eaten though its materials be. The interior had been arranged into a series of little cabinets or rooms for study, and these the proprietor has also preserved in the order in which he found them. Above the door of one of these cabinets, these words are engraven: 'J. Racine. 1657, 1658'; on another, 'A. Arnauld. 1655'; and on a third, 'P. Nicole. 1657, 1658, 1659,' indicating the inhabitants to whom these places had been specially devoted for a time. The proprietor has had a stone placed over his principal porch, with the

names of the principal occupants of the mansion engraven upon it. A number of these names have been mentioned. They amount in all to the number of twenty-two, every one of them of no mean repute in the annals or literature of France.

Before the house, is a garden on the site of the old one, and in the corner of which is to be seen the fragment of an old column, having a broad top, and so placed on the ground as to form a table, traditionally called the Table of the Recluses. Here it is pleasant to rest, and permit the mind to wander back to the time, when, in the calm of morn or eve, much grave and sweet discourse was wont to take place on the same spot, between Pascal and Arnauld, Nicole and Sacy, and those others who had come hither to seek that peace not to be found among the haunts of men. From the site of these relics of the Port-Royal solitaries, it is necessary to descend into the centre of the vale, in order to reach the scene where once the old convent of Matilda de Marly stood. But its foundation stones were torn up and sold, and on the spot where it was, gardens and orchards now appear. A fragment of a turret (now a pigeon-house), covered with ivy, and decorated with the fantastic heads and busts of the antique architecture, is the sole remnant of the once massive and ample convent. The lake or pool which has been celebrated in the verses of Racine, and which will thence be remembered for ever in France, has been drained and dried up; a change to which scarce even the increased salubrity of the spot can reconcile a lover of friendship and poetry."

Such is the story of Port-Royal, and such was its fate. The claim of Louis XIV. to be called The Great, even were it not shaken by a thousand other circumstances, would be irretrievably so by his participation in the persecution and overthrow of the noble fellowship of Port-Royal.

#### KATERFELTO.

In that graphic and well-known passage of the "Task" of Cowper, where the poet describes the varied contents of a newspaper of his day, the following lines occur:—

"And Katerfelto, with his hair on end  
At his own wonders, wondering for his breed."

The personage here alluded to was a distinguished juggler and quack doctor, who flourished in Britain at the close of last century. The name of Katerfelto, it is probable, was merely an assumed one, and certainly, if this was the case, the selection of it did credit to the magical professor's taste, as few names could be found more expressively appropriate to the character he bore. He took the title of Doctor—a German Doctor—and combined the profession of legerdemain with that of the art medical. The Task was written about the years 1782 and 1783. At that time, Dr Katerfelto was vending his nostrums to the people of London, who had then the misfortune to sustain a severe and very general attack of influenza. The Doctor, of course, knew the full value of mystery, and used it freely to enhance his medical pretensions. If any one got better or got worse on his hands, it is to be suspected that the Doctor's remedies were innocent alike of the good and the evil, and that the whole was attributable to the old principle, "Conceit can kill, and conceit can cure."

Katerfelto was one of the last specimens of a class that now live only in the pages of novelists—the race of travelling mountebanks, half quacks, half jugglers. In his journeys through England he was accompanied by his wife and daughter, two black attendants, and, though last, not least in importance, two or three black cats, usually termed Katerfelto's Devils. This gaudy company were all packed together in a huge old coach or caravan, which contained, besides, the wizard's stock of apparatus. On reaching any town where it was thought fit to have an exhibition, the two sable (biped) assistants, dressed in antiquated green liveries with red collars, marched round the streets of the place, blowing trumpets, and expatiating on the wonderful powers and performances of Katerfelto and his cats. A portion of the doctor's exhibitions was really of a rational and creditable nature, consisting of magnetic, electrical, and chemical experiments, which he explained in a lively, humorous way. He was a good experimenter, and seldom failed in any thing he tried. But amusement was the object of those who went to hear him, and in this they were not disappointed. His appearance was provocative of mirth, his long thin person being commonly enveloped in a tawdry, old-fashioned green gown, while his head was covered by a square velvet cap, making him altogether as like as possible to the pictures of the old stage-doctors, of whom he was the genuine successor and representative.

We have no account of the particular uses to which he turned his feline familiars. One thing is certain, however, that he had brought them to a surprising pitch of docility and apparent intelligence. Katerfelto seems to have flourished through a considerable part of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Sometimes, like the most of his class, he lived in comparative ease and affluence, and, at other times, found himself caged in jail, as a vagrant and impostor. Occasionally, his experiments brought him into awkward scrapes. While stopping at a small town in Yorkshire, on one of his journeys, he set up a fire-balloon, to the great amazement of the rustics around. But, in a few days afterwards, the conjuror was ar-

rested by order of a farmer, upon one of whose hay ricks the balloon had alighted, and by which it had been burned to the ground. Poor Katerfelto could not pay the damages demanded, and was obliged to go to prison.

It has been mentioned that the name of Katerfelto was probably an assumed one. The conjuror, however, seemed by his speech to be really a foreigner. Some have asserted him to be a Prussian soldier, who had got his discharge. He is said to have died at Bristol about the beginning of the present century.

#### ACCIDENTS IN THE COAL-MINES OF NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

THE immense sacrifice of human life, occasioned from time to time by the explosion of inflammable gas in the extensive coal-mines of Northumberland and Durham, has been perhaps the most deplorable evil connected with the production of any great and valuable article of commerce. Previous to the introduction of the safety-lamp into those collieries, in the year 1815 or 1816, and of more improved methods of ventilation, explosions were necessarily of frequent occurrence, and attended with the most calamitous loss of life, and destitution to those connected with the sufferers. This rendered the vocation of the miners one of considerable danger and vicissitude, for they were in a great measure unprotected against the occurrence of explosions. It was an event of common occurrence for the miner to leave his home for his subterranean occupation, in the enjoyment of the most perfect health, and ere a few hours had elapsed, to be brought back to his family a mangled and distorted corpse. Nor was the loss of life directly occasioned by those accidents, deplorable enough though it was, by any means the extent to which they were confined. The great number of individuals dependent on the sufferers, consisting of their widows and families, whom those accidents in the coal-mines suddenly plunged into one common state of helpless destitution and bereavement, and left to public protection, was not the least lamentable part of the evil.

A few of the accidents arising from the explosion of hydrogen gas, which have taken place in the collieries of Northumberland and Durham, may be cited, to give the reader some idea of their extent and frequency. About the close of the last century, seventy-two persons were killed in a colliery at North-Biddick, in the county of Durham. A similar accident happened at Lambton colliery, in the same county, on the 22d of August 1766, when it is stated that "the noise of the explosion was heard above three miles round, and the flash was as visible as a flash of lightning," whilst the miners were forced up from the pit like balls out of a cannon, and every thing that resisted, shared the same fate. By two explosions which occurred in 1805, at Hepburn and Oxclose, forty-three widows and one hundred and fifty-one children were left wholly unprotected and unprovided for. In 1808, ninety persons were killed in a coal-pit at Lumley. On the 24th of May 1812, ninety-one persons were killed by an explosion at Felling colliery, near Gateshead, leaving forty-one widows and one hundred and thirty-three children to the protection of the public. In the burial-ground of the church, at Lower Heworth, in the county of Durham, there is a spiral square monument, with an inscription on a brass plate, commemorative of this last-mentioned accident. In 1815, fifty-seven persons suffered in the "Success Pit," near Newbottle, county of Durham. In 1817, thirty-eight were destroyed at the Row Pit at Harraton. By three explosions in the Sheriff-Hill colliery, in 1815 and 1817, fifty-one persons were killed. In 1821, fifty-two men and boys were killed at Russell's Wallsend colliery; and in 1823, fifty-three suffered at the Plain-pit, Rainton. Many more such accidents might be enumerated, but these will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of their extent and frequency.

In catastrophes of this kind (which are of much less frequent occurrence at the present day than formerly), the friends of the sufferers consider themselves peculiarly fortunate in being able to find and bury their remains, for it frequently happens that many of the sufferers are never heard of, being buried alive in the mine, far beyond the reach of the living; whilst others are so dreadfully shattered and mangled by the violence of the explosion, as to make their identity, in many instances, a matter of painful difficulty to their friends; in others, one of absolute impossibility. As was stated in a previous paper\* in this Journal, the miners are so intimately connected by intermarriage, that when accidents occur in the mines, there are few of the survivors who have not to feel the loss of some one more or less nearly related to them. And it happens not unfrequently on such occasions, that there is some case which stands out in more affecting relief from the others, and excites a deeper and more general degree of commiseration; for example, where the father of a family, and perhaps three or four of his sons, share in one common and untimely end, and a widow and a few helpless children remain to mourn over their irreparable bereavement. A witness before the Parliamentary Committee on Accidents in Mines in 1835, stated a circumstance which must have had its due effect on the committee, namely, that after the accident at Felling, above mentioned,

\* Songs of the Northern Coal-Miners.



upwards of ninety of the sufferers were taken out of the mine; and that, on a particular day afterwards, their funerals took place. He stated that the coffin of what might be called the first of the sufferers began the procession, which increased, before it got to the church, until it amounted to a procession of ninety coffins, with mourners.

Such were some of the calamitous consequences attendant on the working of the coal-mines of Northumberland and Durham previous to the year 1815, the period of the introduction of the miner's safety-lamp.

A brief sketch of the origin of this safety-lamp will, it is conceived, be acceptable. The frequency and extent of the dreadful calamities occasioned by explosions in coal-mines, excited the sympathy of several enlightened and humane individuals at Sunderland, in the county of Durham, who in 1813 formed themselves into a society for preventing accidents in coal-mines, and offered premiums for the discovery of new methods of lighting and ventilating them; but, it is said, this philanthropic association did not receive that zealous support from the coal-owners and viewers of those counties which had been anticipated. Dr William Reid Clanny of Bishopwearmouth, one of its principal members, presented to this society a safety-lamp constructed on the principle of insulating the light so as to burn without danger in an atmosphere of inflammable gas or fire-damp, for which he received a large gold medal from the Society of Arts. The Rev. Dr Gray of the same place, another of the leading members of this society, but now deceased, having solicited the attention of Sir Humphry Davy to this important subject, that eminent chemist visited the coal-mines of those counties in 1815, and on his return to London produced two lamps, in which the burners were insulated from the external air. He afterwards discovered the security of wire gauze, which, as is well known, is impervious to flame, and, though surrounded by inflammable air, prevents the communication of any inflammation with the burners.

There are different claims to the honour of having discovered the safety-lamp, about which there has been much angry controversy; but with this subject it is not our intention to interfere. Mr George Stephenson, the celebrated civil engineer, we believe claims to be the first person who discovered that carburetted hydrogen gas would not explode through small apertures. The idea of using wire gauze instead of perforated tin, appears to have originated with Sir Humphry Davy.

The safety-lamp of Sir Humphry Davy, and various others, continue to be used in the collieries of Northumberland and Durham, but not, we believe, with the regularity which is to be desired, the men often removing the gauze to increase the light. Hence explosions still occasionally take place, and are attended with fatal effects more or less extensive. Perhaps the most complete and certain expedient for avoiding accidents would be to establish air-tubes leading from all parts of the mine to a common tube at the pit's mouth, where it should be made to feed a fire: the draught occasioned by the fire would serve to clear the mine of all noxious vapour, and make the occasionally careless use of the safety-lamp of little consequence.

#### "CANST THOU NOT MINISTER TO A MIND DISEASED?"

Too little attention has been paid to the physical treatment of mental affections. I allude more particularly to those apparently trivial and unimportant deviations from a healthy condition of the mental and moral feelings. Any unusual depression of the spirits—whims and fancies—departures from accustomed modes of thinking, are all indications of mental disease, which, if not attended to, often produce serious consequences. The disposition to commit suicide is, in nine cases out of ten, preceded by lowness of spirits, a mental lethargy, a desire to avoid society and observation, a craving after solitude. If these mental conditions were attended to, much evil might be prevented. A timely-administered dose of medicine has often dissipated the suicide's murderous intention. It is recorded of Voltaire, that he had agreed with an Englishman, with whom he had been conversing on the various ills of life, to commit suicide on the following morning. When the time arrived, Voltaire declared that he had changed his mind—he had subjected himself to a course of purgation, and the desire to kill himself had vanished. The abstraction of blood has often prevented the commission of crime. Damien persisted to the last in declaring, that had he been bled, as he earnestly expressed a wish to be, he never would have attempted to assassinate the French king. The desire to commit suicide arises very frequently from intestinal irritation acting upon the brain. How important it is to watch the first dawnings of a feeling productive of so much injury to society! Good and evil dispositions are more connected with the conditions of our bodily organs than physicians or metaphysicians are willing to admit.—*Mr F. Winslow's Paper on Suicide.*

#### TREATMENT OF HORSES ON A JOURNEY.

Various opinions exist as to the best division of the stages which a horse should be ridden or driven when performing even a long journey. This must in some degree be regulated by his condition. If he is to perform a journey of a hundred and fifty miles, and has three days to do it in, I should divide the distances into twenty-five miles each, or as near as the accommodation of the road would permit, starting, especially in the summer time, early in the morning, and performing the first twenty-five miles before breakfast. This enables you to have your horse well dressed, and to afford him three or four hours' rest; and if he will eat two quarters of oats, and a quarter of beans (which should

be divided into two feeds), he will not take much harm. A moderate quantity of water must be given; at the same time it must be observed that too much will cause most horses to scour, and likewise to sweat more profusely; therefore the less he has in reason, the better, till his day's work is completed, when he should have as much as he is inclined to take. Gruel is an excellent thing, but it is not readily procured, properly made, on the road; it should invariably be boiled, and I prefer it made with wheat flour, as it remains longer on the stomach, and is less relaxing than when made with oatmeal. The usual method of preparing what they call gruel at inns is to mix oatmeal with warm water, in which state it is decidedly bad; its emollient quality is produced by boiling, and if I cannot procure it in that state, I prefer water.—*Old Sporting Magazine for October.*

#### THE WILDERNESS.

[BY J. KRYVAY.]

The homeless wilderness!  
How sweet, how beautiful, and O! how mild  
Is nature in her summer dress  
To me, thus wandering far alone!  
Now be my thoughts as, when a little child,  
I deemed that God's eternal throne  
Was in the sun—so glorious, bright—  
To bless the earth with loveliness and light.  
Here breathes the peace I seek!  
This heathy wild's a paradise to him  
Who, musing, hears the voiceless speak—  
Hears the calm eloquence of flowers,  
And drinks sweet wisdom from their balmy hymn,  
That charms, with beauty's chastest powers,  
The vagrant winds their lips to kiss,  
And tells that Nature's innocence is bliss.  
Nor strife nor hatred here,  
Nor envy, at a neighbour's good to writhe;  
Each flower is to its sister dear—  
This hates not that of fairer bloom,  
And all are loved by pilgrim bee so blithe;  
The prickly gorse, and gentler broom,  
In peace dispend their gold together,  
Nor scorn the lowlier blooming thyme and heather.  
So live the good, and love—  
For there is virtue yet upon the earth,  
And by her scarp hand are wove  
The feelings of ingenious hearts  
In happy friendship, sympathy, and mirth;  
And kindly each to each imparts  
The sunny light that heaven bestows,  
And summer pleasure in each bosom glows.  
The shafts of enmity  
Can never wound my feelings, musing here!  
In every little flower I see,  
There breathes a balm, a holy charm;  
And the glad song of every bird I hear  
Tells me that envy cannot harm,  
And sweetly teaches to forgive my foe—  
My simple song forgives them as it flows.  
But I could love the foe  
Whose censure stern, and praise, alike are just;  
Whose lip can curl, whose soul can glow,  
As faults appear, or beauties shine;  
Who scorns to give the undeserved thrust—  
Scans every word of every line.  
As one in whom there is no ruth,  
While native candour still decides with truth.  
Yet why obtrude such theme,  
Where nature spreads around her sacred page?  
To read aright, my aim supreme,  
And cultivate each germ of thought  
That in me lives; and win the holy pledge  
Which I, since boyhood gay, have sought,  
To be among the laurell'd blest, above  
Yon sun rejoicing high—a home of love.  
Thou, who all sweetness art,  
And pure as sweet, thou sunborn summer wreath,  
O, be the feelings of my heart,  
Like thee, in moral beauty wove;  
And as we muse, 'mid winter's gloom of death,  
Of thy gay summer charms in love,  
So, when beneath the sod I'm laid along,  
Remembered be the votary of song.

—*Scotsman, Feb. 1840.*

#### HUMBLE AND UNNOTICED VIRTUE.

O my son!  
The ostentatious Virtues which still press  
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds  
Which live but in the eye of observation—  
These have their meed at once; but there's a joy  
To the fond votaries of fame unknown,  
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak  
Its whispering plaudits to the silent soul.  
Heaven notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves,  
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,  
And, from the cheek of patient Sorrow, wipes  
The tear, by mortal eye unseen, or scorned.

—*Mrs More's Works.*

#### TREASURY WRITERS AND OFFICIALS.

It is a pretty general opinion with the public, that the scribes of the Treasury and of the Foreign Office are themselves contributors to the newspapers. This, however, is rarely the case. The mode of communication between the Treasury and its journal\* used to be this:—Every morning, the editor, the sub-editor, or sub-sub—for in respectable newspapers the assistant editor has also an aide—went to the Treasury and the Foreign Office to learn if there were any news, and to receive instructions as to the tone which the editor was to assume. If the editor in person paid this visit, he was usually received at the Treasury by what is called the Patronage-Secretary, who is the gentleman charged with the management of the secret machinery of the government, and the drilling of the ministerial members of the House of Commons, in which latter office he is assisted by the official whipper-in. This personage was the medium of communication between the cabinet and the editors of the newspapers which were in their interest, for notwithstanding the importance attached by some members of the cabinet to the support of newspapers, they rarely condescended to give audience to the editors. This affectation of su-

\* This kind of Treasury connection is said no longer to exist.

periority is almost exclusively confined to the English character. In France the editors of government newspapers are in direct communication with the ministers, and such is the case even in Germany and Russia, where literary men hold a higher rank than in England, although the pecuniary advantages which they possess may not be so great. At the English Foreign Office the editor had the high honour of being admitted to the presence of no less a person than the Under-Secretary of State; but if the sub-editor, or his sub, attended, he was generally turned over to the chief clerk, who, whilst the visitor waited, would communicate with his superior. If an article highly in favour of the government, and calculated, by the tact with which it was written, to serve their cause, appeared in a semi-official paper, it did not follow that the great men thought it worth while to communicate to the writer the expression of their satisfaction, although this was sometimes done; but if, on the contrary, by neglecting to pay the daily visit, in order to see which way the vane pointed, or from any other cause, the editor should have written some article, or paragraph of an article, which created displeasure, he was summoned to the presence of the Secretary of the Treasury, or of the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, as the case might be, and reminded, in polite but very positive terms, that he was not a free agent; and that, if the indiscretion were to be repeated, the government would feel it necessary to take some means of letting the public know that they had no direct connection with his journal. Some curious scenes have resulted from this temporary exercise of free agency. I remember an editor having been once sent for by an Under-Secretary of State of the Foreign Department, who, in his usual polite but truly official manner, expressed, in the name of his superior, the deep regret which was felt at the tone which he had for several days assumed; and informed him, that if the same line of conduct were to be persisted in, it would become necessary to inform the different embassies that the minister disowned it. "Your articles," said the Under-Secretary, "have already led to remonstrances from two of the ambassadors; and his lordship in vain replied, that as there is not, strictly speaking, an official paper in England, he can only advise, not control, the editors of those papers by which the government is generally supported. The ambassadors, who cannot conceive that papers affecting to advocate the cause of ministers can contain any article which has not been previously submitted for approbation, turn a deaf ear to all my lord's statements. You will see, therefore, how important it is to be careful in these matters; and understand, that if there be a repetition of such conduct on your part, the government must withdraw its patronage from your paper." Now, it had so occurred, that the very articles complained of by the Foreign Secretary had given great satisfaction to the Premier; and, only on the preceding day, the editor had received from the Secretary of the Treasury a letter, in which he expressed, by desire of that noble lord, the pleasure which they had afforded. On producing this important document, and placing it in the hands of the Under-Secretary, he could only express his astonishment, and request, as a particular favour, that the editor would keep secret the difference of opinion which appeared to exist between the Premier and the Secretary of State, on a question of such importance as the foreign policy of the British cabinet.—*A Newspaper Editor's Reminiscences, in Fraser's Magazine.*

#### BORROWING ON ALL HANDS.

In Michigan there is little ceremony used in seeking the loan of each other's goods—"Mother wants your sister; and she says she guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea, 'cause you've got plenty." This excellent reason, "cause you've got plenty," is conclusive as to sharing with your neighbours. Whoever comes into Michigan with nothing, will be sure to better his condition; but woe to him that brings with him any thing like an appearance of abundance, whether of money or mere household conveniences! To have them, and not be willing to share them in some sort with the whole community, is an unpardonable crime. You must lend your best horse to *qui que ce soit*, to go ten miles over hill and marsh, in the darkest night, for a doctor; or your team to travel twenty after a "gal;" your wheelbarrows, your shovels, your utensils of all sorts, belong not to yourselves, but to the public, who do not think it necessary even to ask a loan, but take it for granted. The two saddles and bridles of Montacute spend most of their time travelling from house to house a-manback; and I have actually known a stray martingale to be traced to four dwellings two miles apart, having been lent from one to another, without a word to the original proprietor, who sat waiting, not very patiently, to commence a journey. \* \* \* But the cream of the joke lies in the manner of the thing. It is so straightforward and honest—none of your hypocritical civility and servile gratitude. Your true republican, when he finds that you possess any thing which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with "Are you going to use your horses to-day?" if horses happen to be the thing he needs. "Yes, I shall probably want them." "Oh! well, if you want them, I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece." Or, perhaps, the desired article comes within the female department—"Mother wants to get some butter; that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin'." And away goes your golden store, to be repaid perhaps with some cheesy, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with "Here's your butter!" A girl came in to borrow a "wash-dish," "because we've got company." Presently she came back—"Mother says you've forgot to send a towel." "The pen and ink, and a sheet o' paper and a wafer," is no unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent "an awful bad pen."—*Mrs Clavers's Western Life in America.*

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